THE ANTIWAR 'SURGE'
Liza Featherstone

OBAMA'S MEDIA MAVEN
Christopher Hayes

The Nation.

BLOGGERS AGAINST TORTURE

HOW THE WEB HAS CHANGED EGYPT'S POLITICAL TERRAIN

by NEGAR AZIMI

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2007
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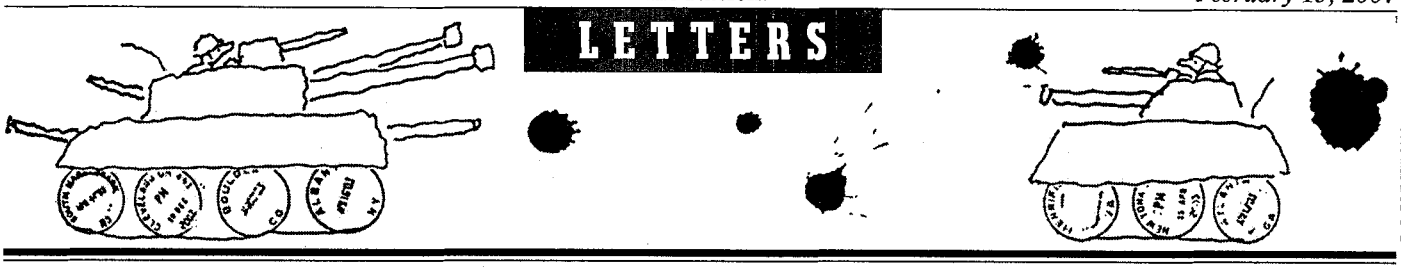

JAY-Z—SCORCHED?

New York City

■ Regarding Jeff Chang's "Moving On Up" [Jan. 22]: I was an orchestra member in Jay-Z's ten-year retrospective at Radio City last summer. In all my years of performing at events like this, I have never seen anything close to the naked frolic of orgiastic corporate reciprocal penetration. With the shiny Maybach parked outside the Sony studios, the side deals, endorsements, jigging eBay for signed tickets, sneakers, product placement and underwriting, it was a festival of getting over, flogging a soggy product of retreaded samples, riffs, sentiments and drug lore in the name of the people's hip-hop. Apparently as stunned by the razzle-dazzle as the hapless audience members, Local 802 of the musicians' union rolled over on a contract that was pathetically permissive, paying too late and too little, especially in the context of the tsunami of cash exchanges going on. At the end of the day, I saw a small, charismatic, hideously overcompensated, moderately talented man casting a very large shadow—because he was dancing too close to a scorching light.

THEODORE MOOK

Durham, NC

■ Jay-Z's popularity may be attributed to "brandism," or hyper-consumerism, but Jay-Z is a by-product of Reaganomics and gross consumerism. Jay-Z (Shawn Carter) represents the dual consciousness that African-American males face on a daily basis. He has the impossible task of balancing his life as a former project kid and street hustler with goals of "making it" and achieving the American Dream, a dream that has purposely excluded African-American males. I credit Jay-Z for his successes and for remaining an inspiration for African-American males who come from dire and deplorable situations.

BENJAMIN HARRIS

GERALD FORD, MR. NICE GUY

Wiley Ford, WV

■ Thank you, Victor Navasky, for "Ford, Nixon, *The Nation*" [Jan. 22]. I was beginning to believe I was the only one in the world who believed that St. Gerald struck a deal with the Nixon pardon. Whether he was a nice guy or not, Ford left us with two bombs. First, he was against the war but would not let us know until after he was gone and thousands of people were dead. Second, with his example, what good would it do to impeach the Weasel in the White House? Vice President Cheney would just hand out a pardon.

DENNIS M. LAVIN

Brentwood, NH

■ On the "honest," "decent" Gerald Ford: All Warren commission members pledged not to profit from the endeavor. Ford had his staff cobble together a book. At a Senate hearing Ford was asked if he would pardon Nixon. He said, "I don't think the people would stand for it." These items get almost no press. Instead we hear of self-toasted English muffins and self-picked-up dog poop!

ROGER S. BROWN

Manchester, NJ

■ The columns of Alexander Cockburn once caused me to threaten not to renew my membership in the Nation Associates. Now, lo! Cockburn has kind words (in a comparison with Gerald Ford) for the late President Harding! ["Beat the Devil," Jan. 22] Harding pardoned Eugene Debs! Something the allegedly liberal Woodrow Wilson didn't do. I am reconsidering.

DANIEL SCHECHTER

APARTHEID, ISRAELI STYLE

Scarsdale, NY

■ Henry Siegman, in his review of Jimmy Carter's new book, *Palestine Peace Not Apartheid* ["Hurricane Carter," Jan. 22], recounts an exchange he once had with Joseph Burg, a mainstay of the National Religious Party in Israel. In 1971, as a young man doing research on the party, I interviewed Burg for an undergraduate project. After kindly answering questions, Burg said that he wanted to discuss the matter of the West Bank as "one Jew to another." He proceeded to describe Palestinian Arabs in terms that any American would recognize as the un-self-conscious speech of white supremacists. Arabs are animals, he said. I soon learned that the minister's prejudices regarding Arabs were widespread in the party.

Burg was one of the most powerful members of the pre-war generation of German Jews who had staked out considerable power through the National Religious Party. His influence was felt among my generation, in particular among a faction of the party known as the Youth Circle, which later played an important role in the formation of the settlement movement. Following the lead of elders like Burg, members of the circle were quite comfortable speaking to me about the "Arab animals."

As shocked as I was, an American Jew brought up believing that Jewish ideals were progressive ideals, I was to learn of a more insidious dynamic in the American Jewish community that has only grown more vicious as this tragedy unfolds: namely, that anyone who attempts to discuss Arabs and Israelis as if they were both cut from the same human cloth must be an anti-Semite. Period.

STEVEN COHEN

Placentia, Calif.

■ Excellent review! I hope Dershowitz reads it and has a stroke! It is beyond comprehension why the media and our Congress are so afraid of criticizing the policies of the Israeli government. No one is bashing the Jewish people, who are brave enough and fair enough to criticize their own government.

GABRIELLA KOLIAS

PINOCHET & THE HEROES OF CHILE

Albany, NY

■ While the death of General Pinochet ends any possibility of bringing him to justice for his crimes against humanity—and displays the failure of Chilean governments to do so [Marc Cooper, "Pinochet's Legacy," Jan. 1]—this moment should also be a time to celebrate what the people of Chile did achieve. Pinochet's loss in the 1988 plebiscite was the result of years of struggle by countless people who put their lives and livelihoods on the line to restore constitutional democracy. The Spanish arrest warrant and Pinochet's detention by the British in 1998, which Cooper focuses on, do have broader implications for world leaders who murder beyond their own borders. However, under the provisions of the 1980 Constitution written by Pinochet, he would still have been head of state in 1998 (and therefore not subject to arrest) were it not for the human rights advocacy of the Catholic Church in Chile and the heroism and sacrifice of a broad spectrum of the country's population.

LYN MILLER-LACHMANN
Editor, MultiCultural Review

CHÁVEZ: HE DIDN'T DO IT ALONE

New York City

■ Daphne Eviatar's "Latin Left Turn" [Dec. 25] rightly points to the failed economic policies of the so-called "Washington Consensus" as the principal root of Latin America's dramatic political shifts in recent years, culminating in the re-re-election of Hugo Chávez.

However, she overstates Chávez's influence in the energy policies enacted by neighboring governments that seek to wrest greater government control from private oil and gas companies. Eviatar suggests that Evo Morales's renegotiation of gas contracts in Bolivia and Rafael Correa's "promise to do the same" in Ecuador are the result of Chávez's encouragement. Chávez has certainly vocally supported these moves, but these policies were instigated by years of massive mobilizations by these two countries' predominantly indigenous social movements.

Attributing Latin America's hopeful political changes to Chávez's meddling echoes the many erroneous accounts in the mainstream

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EDITORIALS

Which Side Are You On?

Rarely does the response to a State of the Union address create more buzz than the presidential pontification itself. But that's what happened with the sharp lesson in populist economics delivered by Senator Jim Webb of Virginia. Webb's indictment of the Iraq War was direct and powerful, but it was his use of the language of class conflict in discussing domestic policy that really had the country buzzing after January 23. Talk-radio host Laura Ingraham referred to Webb's response, warning the National Review Institute Conservative Summit, "The party that comes off as the party that represents the American worker best is the party that wins in 2008."

Republicans are right to fear Webb's words. Blunt talk of America "drifting apart along class lines" and the observation that "it takes the average worker more than a year to make the money that his or her boss makes in one day" connect with voters soured on the GOP, as even George W. Bush implicitly acknowledged when he told a Wall Street crowd a week later that corporate boards "need to pay attention"to executive compensation. As proven by Webb's upset victory in November, and the victories of Ohio's Sherrod Brown, Vermont's Bernie Sanders and Montana's Jon Tester, candidates willing to break with the bosses can draw working-class voters out of the clutches of moralizing right-wingers and back into the Democratic fold.

Now Democrats need to prove with deeds that match Webb's rhetoric just which side they're on. With moves to raise the minimum wage and tax Big Oil, House Democrats have taken some significant steps. Senate Democrats have done the same with efforts to raise taxes on executive pay. But much more is possible.

Take the question of what to do about healthcare, our most critical domestic issue. George W. Bush's answer in his speech was to tax workers whose employers offer high-quality plans ("gold-plated" in Bush's snide reference) in order to cover a small number of the currently uninsured, while offering the wealthy yet another new tax deduction if they buy their own plans.

The Democrats should counter Bush with a plan that's already backed by seventy-eight House members, HR 676, the National Health Insurance Act, introduced by Representatives John Conyers and Dennis Kucinich. Some 225 labor unions back the bill, which would expand Medicare to every US resident. A tax on the top 5 percent of income earners, among other measures, would pay for the program.

Too radical? Consider that in September, an ABC News/Kaiser Family Foundation/*USA Today* survey found that 56 percent of Americans would prefer a government-run universal healthcare system "like Medicare" to our current system.

Or take the matter of education. The median income of workers with a BA or higher is about double that of those with only a high school diploma. But as Jeff Madrick noted here recently, thanks to rising costs and inadequate aid, the march to higher graduation rates has stalled in America as other countries have surpassed us. How should Congress respond? It could start with the plan, proposed by Edward Kennedy, chair of the Senate Committee on Health, Education, Labor and Pensions, to forgive all college loans if graduates work in public service for ten years.

There's more. How about dusting off legislation to deny corporations tax deductions when executive compensation exceeds twenty-five times the pay of the lowest-paid full-time worker? How about responding to Bush's request for fast-track authority on free-trade agreements by requiring the inclusion of labor, environmental and human rights standards in any new deals?

Senator Webb invoked the example of Teddy Roosevelt's progressive reforms in the early twentieth century. That's a good place for Democrats to look for inspiration in turning Webb's message into enthusiasm for their party in 2008. More important, they can begin work now on an economic program that, to borrow Webb's phrase, will insure that the benefits of our immense wealth are "properly shared among all Americans."

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COMMENT

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Surge for Peace

What, realistically, can the antiwar movement accomplish right now? Tom Andrews, a former Congressman from Maine and national director of the Win Without War coalition, answers the question without hesitation: "We can stop this war."

For the first time since the Iraq War began, activists are optimistic—and getting serious about the political process. With Bush proposing an escalation and a Democratic Congress that owes its new majority, at least in part, to antiwar sentiment, everyone agrees that there has never been a better opportunity to end this tragic policy. Fresh from January 27's successful demonstration in Washington, the peace movement is now focusing all of its organizing energies on—and dedicating serious resources to—the people who truly have the power to stop the war: members of Congress.

At this writing, numerous resolutions are floating around the Hill, 800 peace activists working with United for Peace and Justice (UFPJ) are meeting with more than 270 Congressional representatives and MoveOn.org has called a Virtual March, in which constituents will flood Capitol Hill with 1 million calls against the war on February 1. MoveOn, Win Without War, the Service Employees International Union and other groups have launched Americans Against Escalation in Iraq, an $8 million–$10 million campaign that will organize constituents in twenty to twenty-five states to pressure fence-sitting legislators. The effort, explains Tom Matzzie, MoveOn.org Political Action's Washington director, is "very intense, modeled a lot on a presidential campaign." In another of this war's firsts, active members of the military have joined the fight. Says Jonathan Hutto, founder of the active-duty troops' group Appeal for Redress, which advocates a political rather than a military resolution of the Iraq War, politicians "don't usually hear from us. Soldiers are trained to be grunts. But now is the time."

The battle for public opinion on the Iraq War is over—not so much because of the antiwar movement's work but because the situation in Iraq has proved so disastrous. Many mainstream journalists, pundits and politicians now speak against the war as eloquently and convincingly as peace activists do. Only 17 percent of the American people agree with Bush's current escalation plan. The challenge is to translate that power into a change in policy. Until now, the antiwar forces have had fewer than five full-time Washington lobbyists. But much of the antiwar movement now agrees that there is no contradiction, or conflict, between chanting in the streets and lobbying in the halls of Congress. An impressive showing of demonstrators in DC (UFPJ says half a million) along with the thousands of smaller local protests over the past few weeks bolsters the lobbying effort, showing that peace activists are an impassioned constituency, while protests would be meaningless without additional pressure on politicians.

Success, however, is not assured. A tentative majority in Congress opposes the Bush policy, but there's a world of difference between supporting a nonbinding resolution and blocking

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COMMENT

appropriations. That's why the effort to persuade Congress will require such a massive grassroots campaign. "If we had to vote right now on defunding the war," MoveOn's Matzzie said recently, "we would lose. We have to be very strategic and smart." He sighs. "I have nightmares about the gap between what we need to do and what we are doing. I lose sleep over this."

There are some within the peace movement who believe that Congressional Democrats will never agree to stop funding the war. They may be right. (As demonstrators assembled in Washington, Senator Hillary Clinton, in Iowa, dismissed the call to cut off funding as a "soundbite.") Given the Democrats' trepidation about appearing to cut off support for the troops, some antiwar strategists argue that the movement should shift the focus of its lobbying from defunding the war to funding a real plan for withdrawal.

It's worth thinking, too, about the broader mission of an antiwar movement. Author and blogger Rahul Mahajan, of UFPJ's steering committee (speaking for himself, not the organization), worries that unlike in the Vietnam era, today's peace movement has had little success in getting Americans to rethink the role of the United States in the world. He's right. The talking point among some Democrats is that while the United States has been so generous, those damned Iraqis have screwed up the war. That way of thinking isn't going help us avoid further misadventures in imperial arrogance. It's hardly reassuring to hear Iraq War opponents like Democratic presidential hopeful John Edwards say that for Iran, "we must keep all options on the table." Stopping the war in Iraq is important, but to truly make the world a safer place, we need to change the conversation.

LIZA FEATHERSTONE

Liza Featherstone is a Nation *contributing writer.*

Workers, Not Guests

Ten days before Christmas, the Woodfin Suites Hotel in Emeryville, California, suspended Luz Dominguez and twenty other housekeepers and maintenance workers. Managers announced they'd received a letter from Social Security saying the numbers they'd given when the workers were originally hired didn't match government records. The twenty-one workers have been making beds, washing toilets and vacuuming carpets there for years. Dominguez recalls, "Before, they sometimes told us they'd received a notice about our numbers not matching. We never had to do anything about it." What had changed?

In 2005 an Oakland-based worker advocacy group, the East Bay Alliance for a Sustainable Economy, convinced Emeryville voters to pass Measure C. The new ordinance established a $9 hourly minimum in the city's four hotels. Housekeepers required to clean more than 5,000 square feet in an eight-hour shift now have to be paid time and a half. "Before the law was passed, we cleaned sixteen suites, sometimes seventeen," says Marcela Melquiades, another fired housekeeper. The new law dropped that to around ten.

The four hotels—the Woodfin Suites, Sheraton Four Points, Marriott Courtyard and the Hilton Garden Inn—spent $115,610 to defeat the measure (but garnered only 1,051 no votes). When they lost, they tried to get an injunction to prevent it from taking effect and lost again. Workers began asking Woodfin to comply.

That's when the hotel suddenly demanded new Social Security numbers. "We felt defrauded," Dominguez says. "We'd worked really hard for them."

No-match letters have become a form of immigration enforcement increasingly favored by the Bush Administration. But they're often used, unions charge, to retaliate against workers when they stand up for themselves.

Such workplace enforcement cost the jobs of thousands of workers last year. In raids this past December at six Swift meatpacking plants (five of which had union contracts), the Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) bureau detained 1,300 laborers. Many were deported. At other workplaces, like the Woodfin Suites, the Social Security Administration has been pressed into service.

In November about 1,000 meatpackers walked out of the huge Smithfield pork processing plant in Tar Heel, North Carolina, after the company fired sixty workers for Social Security discrepancies. Mark Lauritsen, a director at United Food and Commercial Workers (UFCW), says the government and the company were colluding to thwart the union's organizing ef-

BUSH'S 'LEGACY'

The White House PR machine keeps making noises about the Bush regime's "legacy." This "legacy" will not include any domestic legislation, since there is none to speak of—unless, perhaps, Bush signs a law declaring that the polar bear is an endangered species (so are ordinary Americans, but that's another story).

Surely, George W. ("I'm the decider") Bush will be remembered for one thing: the folly of his pre-emptive war in Iraq.

Here's his legacy:

One: The United States has lost the Iraq War. Bush has failed as Commander in Chief.

Two: The Bush regime has blood on its hands. It's responsible for at least 25,000 US casualties (killed and wounded).

Three: The United States has spent roughly $400 billion, and counting, to finance this lost cause.

Four: The United States is responsible for exacerbating sectarian war in Iraq and other nations, causing thousands of civilian deaths.

Five: The United States has been diminished in the United Nations and has tarnished its glory around the world.

All of the above prove that Bush has been the most dangerous President in American history.

HERBERT MITGANG

Herbert Mitgang, an author and former editorial writer for the New York Times, *is a fellow of the Society of American Historians.*

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forts at the plant. "They were worried about people organizing a union, and the government said, Here are the tools to take care of them," he charges. In late January, ICE agents picked up twenty-one Smithfield workers for deportation.

Immigration enforcement measures have often been used to target unions. But this most recent wave of raids and firings has a political purpose as well. In a press conference, Department of Homeland Security Secretary Michael Chertoff told reporters that the Swift raids would show Congress the need for "stronger border security, effective interior enforcement and a temporary-worker program." The Administration, he said, wants "a program that would allow businesses that need foreign workers, because they can't otherwise satisfy their labor needs, to be able to get those workers in a regulated program."

The firings and raids highlight the vulnerability of immigrant workers under current law. In 1986 Congress passed the Immigration Reform and Control Act, making it a federal crime for an employer to hire a worker without valid immigration documents. While few employers have faced penalties, the law made it a crime for undocumented workers to hold a job. That has given employers like Woodfin Suites lots of power over their employees.

No law requires employers to fire workers whose Social Security numbers don't jibe with the records. But this past summer, George W. Bush, through DHS, proposed a new federal regulation that would tell employers to fire anyone with a no-match. The regulation has never been officially issued, but some companies claim they're already complying with it.

Bush's proposed regulation has its roots in a political deal. Almost since taking office, the Administration has tried to get Congress to approve proposals for guest workers advanced by the Essential Worker Immigration Coalition (EWIC), an association of the fifty largest US manufacturing and trade groups, including Wal-Mart, Tyson Foods and Marriott. Two years ago, Senators Edward Kennedy and John McCain introduced a bill that would allow large employers to bring 400,000 temporary workers into the country annually. Increased enforcement of employer sanctions—Bush's ICE raids and no-match strategy—would force workers to stay in the program. Meanwhile, undocumented immigrants already here would have to sign up for a similar program in hopes of someday gaining permanent residence visas.

When the Senate and House couldn't reconcile conflicting immigration bills last fall, the President took the one thing everyone agreed on—increasing employer sanctions—and proposed the new regulation. The ICE raids and the wave of no-match letters are putting the policy into practice.

Both the enforcement and the agenda behind it are alarming many unions. In 2000 the AFL-CIO called for the repeal of employer sanctions, as well as for a generous legalization program, greater chances for family reunification and enforcement of workplace rights. (The federation was already on record opposing new guest-worker programs.) The SEIU and the two garment unions (who later joined hotel workers to form UNITE HERE) were among the first to push for this position. "We still call for the repeal of employer sanctions, as we have from the time it was passed," says Bruce Raynor, UNITE HERE president. "There are 12 million undocumented people living here, who are important to the economy," he fumes. "They have a right to seek employment, and employers have a right to hire them. The only way to deal with this is to give workers rights and a path to citizenship."

Today, the AFL-CIO still advocates the 2000 position in Congress. But the labor movement split last year on the Kennedy–McCain bill. "We did support [the bill], because we thought it was what was possible under those circumstances," Raynor says. Both his union and SEIU argued that harsher sanctions and guest workers were an acceptable price for legalization.

The Administration is driving that price higher. Labor's most important organizing victories, like the 5,300 Houston janitors who won their first SEIU organizing drive in 2005, could easily be undone. Terror generated by the no-match checks and deportations at Smithfield will hurt that campaign too. The UFCW's Lauritsen says raids and no-match checks not only attack workers' rights but are also being used to promote "a drumbeat for [guest-worker] reforms that aren't in the interest of working people. Why do we want temporary workers for permanent jobs?" he asks. "If employers need workers, why not give people green cards instead? With guest workers, the threat of deportation is always there if a worker becomes unemployed."

Like the labor movement, the Democratic Party is divided on immigration. Newly appointed House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence chair Silvestre Reyes, a former Texas Border Patrol agent, introduced a bill in 2005 paralleling Bush's no-match regulation. Co-sponsors included fellow California Republican David Dreier. Democratic Party strategist Rahm Emanuel believes a tough enforcement stance is the key to winning in 2008. The raids they call for, however, risk alienating the base of labor and Latino votes that helped elect Democrats in November.

Last fall, the National Network for Immigrant and Refugee

CALVIN TRILLIN

What Has Been Concluded Lately by People Discussing Dick Cheney on the Public Airwaves and the Floor of the Senate

They're saying that in many ways he
Is not just always wrong but crazy.

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Ever since the first humans built a fire in their dark cave, people have realized the importance of proper indoor lighting. But ever since Edison invented the light bulb, lighting technology has, unfortunately, remained relatively prehistoric.

Modern light fixtures do little to overcome problems associated with improper lighting, such as eyestrain, dryness, and burning. As more and more of us spend longer and longer hours in front of our computer monitor, these problems are compounded. And the effects of improper indoor lighting are not necessarily limited to physical problem: the quantity and quality of light can also play a part in both our mood and work performance.

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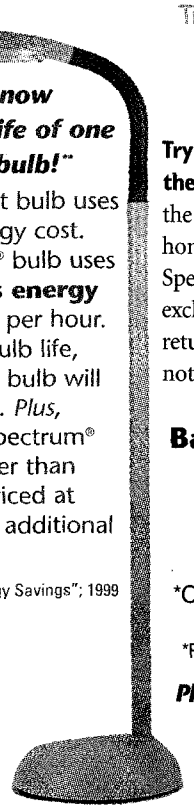
**Source: "Lighting the Way to Energy Savings"; 1999



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COMMENT

Rights, the AFL-CIO and dozens of community immigrant rights coalitions called for an alternative program, including legalization, repeal of sanctions, no guest-worker expansion and more opportunities for legal immigration. Other groups involved in organizing the huge immigration marches last spring have discussed similar ideas. Many supported Texas Congresswoman Sheila Jackson Lee's legalization bill in the last Congress, which had no guest-worker scheme and proposed job programs to reduce competition between immigrants and communities with high unemployment. However, House Speaker Nancy Pelosi failed to appoint Jackson Lee chair of the House Judiciary subcommittee on Immigration, Border Security and Claims. Instead she named Zoe Lofgren, defender of Silicon Valley's H1-B guest-worker programs.

Raynor believes Democratic control of Congress means "circumstances have changed. We supported Kennedy-McCain then. Other things are possible now." Like Lauritsen, Raynor says, "We'd rather see people get green cards as a pathway to citizenship than have a guest-worker provision."

Nevertheless, while UNITE HERE and SEIU call for legalizing undocumented workers and replacing employer sanctions with labor law enforcement, both unions have renewed their alliance with the EWIC, the employers' organization that backs guest-worker programs. The AFL-CIO, meanwhile, is standing firm against such programs. Along with their Bush Administration allies, the companies in EWIC—Wal-Mart, Marriott and Tyson—want a Congressional deal on comprehensive immigration reform that includes the weapons they use against workers now (raids and no-match checks) and the ones they plan to use against them in the future (guest-worker programs). No such deal is possible without selling out immigrant workers' rights.

DAVID BACON

David Bacon is the author of The Children of NAFTA *(California) and* Communities Without Borders *(Cornell/ILR), a photodocumentary on transnational communities.*

NATION NOTES

We're happy to announce the addition of three new members to our editorial board:

Barbara Ehrenreich Author, most recently, of *Dancing in the Streets: A History of Collective Joy* and of the best-selling *Nickel and Dimed: On (Not) Getting By in America*, Ehrenreich, less famously, holds a PhD in biology. She's honorary co-chair of Democratic Socialists of America and founder of United Professionals, an organization of white-collar workers.

Pedro Antonio Noguera A professor at the Steinhardt School of Education at New York University, Noguera has also taught at the Harvard Graduate School of Education and the University of California, Berkeley. An urban sociologist with a special interest in how big-city schools are influenced by social and economic conditions, he directs NYU's Metropolitan Center for Urban Education.

Andrea Batista Schlesinger As executive director of the Drum Major Institute for Public Policy, a progressive New York think tank, Schlesinger has made herself a force for injecting the voices of young people into the democratic conversation. Among the policy studies DMI has released is one on the effects of Congressional votes and immigration policies on the middle class.

We also welcome a new contributing editor:

Gary Younge Our "Beneath the Radar" columnist and a frequent contributor, Gary is a US correspondent of the *Guardian*, in London. He is the author of *Stranger in a Strange Land: Encounters in the Disunited States* and *No Place Like Home: A Black Briton's Journey Through the American South.*

* * *

We note with sadness the deaths of two longtime *Nation* friends. **The Rev. Robert Drinan** was a legal scholar, defender of human rights and, for ten years, a Democratic member of Congress from Massachusetts—a position he gave up after a Vatican ruling forbidding priests to hold legislative office. Father Drinan's outspoken views were reflected in his support of the impeachment of Richard Nixon and in articles he wrote for *The Nation* defending freedom of the press and castigating House Democratic caucus leaders for blocking reforms. Nor was *The Nation* immune. In a 1981 letter he called it "off base" for claiming that the Democratic Study Group had turned from its liberal roots. But if conservatives, too, used its research, he wrote, that was all to the good. And, he ended the letter, "Would that more conservatives read *The Nation*."

Robert Boehm was a prominent supporter of left/liberal causes, including this magazine. As chair of the Center for Constitutional Rights, he was instrumental in putting the organization on a sound financial basis after its founding in 1966 by four radical lawyers. The Center has taken on many important fights on behalf of the scorned and voiceless and challenged constitutionally dubious policies. As Peter Weiss, a friend and co-activist, recalled, "Bob Boehm was the ideal progressive donor, combining money with ideas. Sometimes his gifts laid foundations for new and necessary work, sometimes they kept important structures from buckling, often they just provided reliable and continuing sustenance. And always he was there in person, at board meetings or on the phone, never to dictate but to ask questions and offer suggestions."

* * *

ON THE WEB: Robert Lipsyte asks, If the Super Bowl is the most sacred date on the American calendar and Vince Lombardi was one of its early saints, what does that make Pat Tillman? Mohamad Bazzi covers a major, underreported reason for Lebanon's slide toward civil war: blowback from Iraq. Tom Engelhardt writes that a disproportionate number of military casualties in Iraq come from rural America and asks if that is why it's so easy for so many of us not to notice.

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

Who Can Stop the War?

Aside from winning, there aren't that many ways of ending wars. Governments pay attention when the troops mutiny, when there are riots outside recruiting offices, when there's revolution on the home front, when the money runs out.

In Vietnam the troops mutinied. Units shot their officers in the back or threw grenades into their tents. Navy ratings pushed aircraft off the side of aircraft carriers. In 1971 the Pentagon counted 503,926 "incidents of desertion" over the previous five years and reckoned that more than half of US ground forces openly opposed the war. At Christmastime in 1971 Vietnam Vets Against the War seized the Statue of Liberty, draping it with a banner demanding BRING OUR BROTHERS HOME.

On the home front people fought the draft or simply fled it. In 1967 Maj. Gen. William Yarborough, assistant chief of staff for Army intelligence, observed the great antiwar march from the roof of the Pentagon and concluded, "The empire is coming apart at the seams." He reckoned there were too few reliable troops to fight the war in Vietnam and hold the line at home.

The elites, always prone to panic in such matters, thought revolution was around the corner. The left, in those days prone to optimism, thought the same thing. In the end, Congress cut off the money. Between 1970 and 1973, Congress enacted five restrictions on funding US military operations in Indochina.

You don't need a draft to have a vibrant antiwar movement. We saw that in the 1980s, with the campaign against US intervention in Central America. These struggles failed but reignited a domestic spirit of resistance. Out of them, in part, came the Jackson campaigns of 1984 and '88. And just as the antiwar movement helped give us Jimmy Carter in '76, in '92 we got Bill.

Yet aside from a heartening flare-up against the WTO in Seattle, the Clinton years pretty much snuffed out the radical spark. Swallow NAFTA, sanctions against Iraq, plus welfare reform and the Effective Death Penalty Act, and you aren't in any mindset to seize the Statue of Liberty.

So here we are, coming up on four years of war in Iraq. There's not going to be any significant mutiny among the troops. They are volunteers, furious though they may be at their extended tours of duty. There has been some good work against Army recruitment, but not at a level to panic anyone. The campuses are quiet. The churches? They might be protesting torture, but the vocations are dying. We need more nuns!

The respectable old antiwar "movement"—as opposed to real rabble-rousers like Cindy Sheehan, Medea Benjamin and Kathy Kelly—stirs into action once in a while for pleasant outings like last Saturday's in Washington, DC. For sure there was no chieftain in Army intelligence standing on the roof looking at the marchers and thinking the Empire was on the verge of collapse.

The people don't like the war, but this doesn't mean it won't go on so long as there's money to fund it. This brings us to Congress. There are the powder-puff nonbinding resolutions. On January 26, even as Biden and the others were grandstanding about their rhetorical stance against the war, the Senate confirmed, 81 to 0, the nomination of General Petraeus—prime military booster of troop escalation—to command US troops in Iraq. Democrats voted for him, same as they voted to confirm Abizaid's successor, Admiral Fallon, same as they voted unanimously for Rumsfeld's successor, Robert Gates.

There are various bills put forward by Senators like Ted Kennedy and Representatives like Jerry Nadler calling for timetables, ceilings on spending and the like. The question is, what actual effect could they have? My guide here is Winslow Wheeler, who spent thirty years as a Hill staffer working on defense budgets, and who now runs the Straus Military Reform Project at the Center for Defense Information.

In September 2006 Congress passed the FY 2007 Defense Appropriations Act, containing $70 billion for war, which Bush has been spending on the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. That money will last at least until March, and after that, Defense can always shift money around in its existing budget till a new supplemental is passed. So for now Bush has the money he needs to surge. But it's untrue that there's nothing effective Congress can do.

On February 5, in considering the supplemental appropriation requested by the White House, Congress could decree no money for the surge and impose a ceiling on the number of US military in Iraq. The President could rotate the troops but not increase their number. To give this teeth, Congress could simultaneously decree that no money for surging could be used from previously appropriated funds, which is something the Defense Department can do unless there is an express prohibition.

So a surge no-no in the supplemental appropriation is a legislative possibility. In the House, the defense appropriations subcommittee is chaired by Jack Murtha, who wants to bring the troops home now. Murtha could put a ceiling on troop levels and other prohibitions in the bill, but then he'd have to get it through the full committee and onto the floor. A lot would depend on Nancy Pelosi, who could dispose of procedural tripwires. Then Murtha's bill would land in the Senate appropriations subcommittee on defense, chaired by Daniel Inouye, where it would be vulnerable to fiercer procedural attacks on a "point of order," since it would be "legislating" an appropriations bill previously passed. And of course the supplemental, altered by Congress, would have to survive a Bush veto.

It's easy for Bush to veto a one-page bill decreeing no money for any troops above, say, 140,000. On February 5, Congress also begins to consider the half-trillion-dollar FY 2008 Defense Appropriations Bill. If Congress installs curbs on the war in Iraq there, Bush can only veto the entire bill.

So Congress can deny Bush the money he wants, to escalate the war or even continue it, through either of the two legislative routes described above. I doubt the resistance in Iraq is counting on it. They no doubt think it's up to them to get the troops out, and that's probably a realistic assessment. ■

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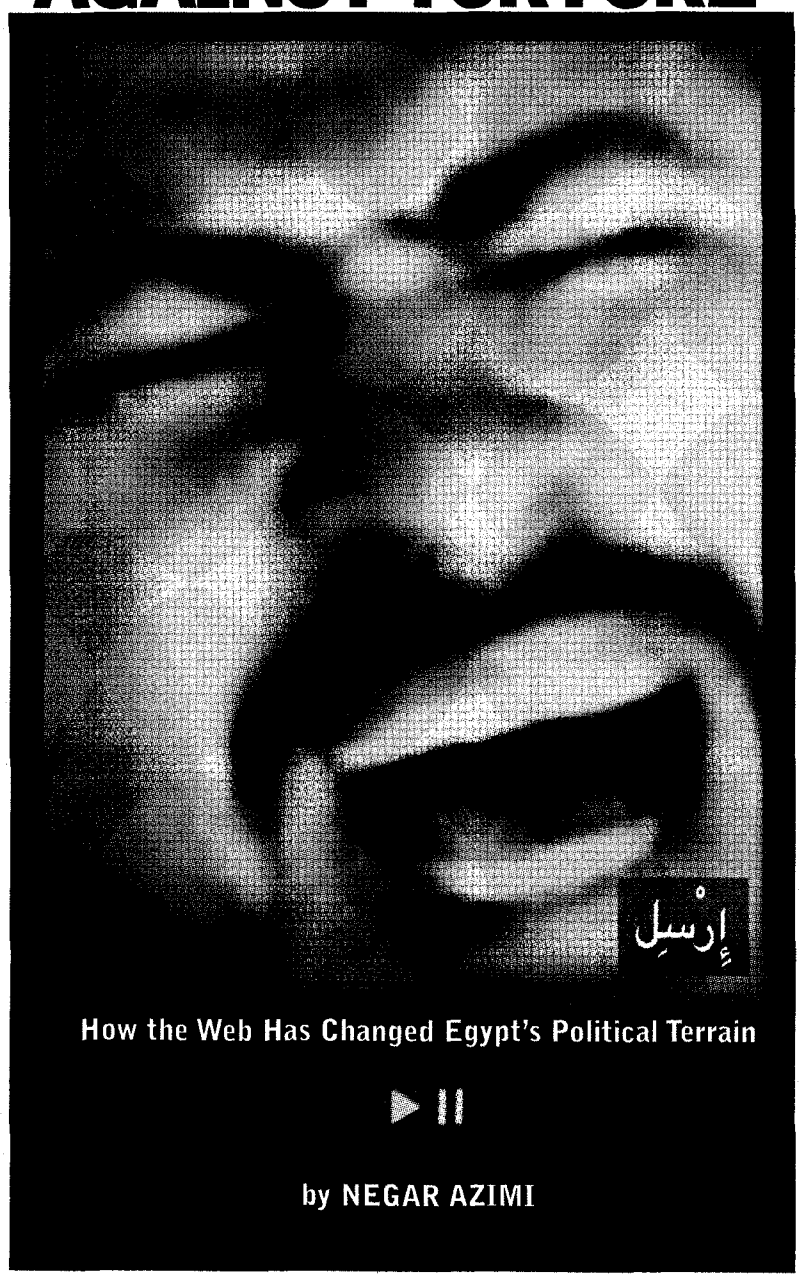
ARTICLES

BLOGGERS AGAINST TORTURE



Cairo

The video that circulated on Egyptian blogs this winter showed Emad Mohamed Ali Mohamed, a 21-year-old bus driver, lying on the floor stripped naked from the waist down—his hands bound behind his back and his legs held in the air. He screams and begs as he is sodomized with a stick while those around him, whose faces are not visible to us, taunt him.

Hours earlier, Ali Mohamed (known among friends as Emad al-Kabir) had been picked up by two plain-clothes police officers in Bulaq al-Daqrur, a rough-ish slum in Giza, across the river from downtown Cairo's crumbling Euro-peanate area. The young man's offense was venturing to break up a scuffle between police officers and his cousin. Despite the inhospitable treatment he endured, al-Kabir was released thirty-six hours later with no charges to speak of. After all, torture of this variety is commonplace. Protesting its manifestations, or questioning the logic behind it, is usually met with a shrug, even contemptuous indifference.

And so, when it was announced in late December that the two police officers who had supervised the abuse, Capt. Islam Nabih and Cpl. Reda Fathi, had been detained and their case transferred to a criminal court for investigation, it seemed that something had changed. With the simple act of uploading the video to a blog, a web impresario known as Demagh MAK had unleashed a storm of attention both at home and abroad around the case of the diminutive, soft-spoken bus driver. (A still image from the video is reproduced on this page and on this magazine's cover.) A link to the video, passed around among activists and journalists and posted on YouTube (until it was removed for graphic content), was finally picked up by the more intrepid Egyptian independent papers as well as Arab satellite channels such as Al Jazeera and Dream TV. Even a handful of jihadi websites chimed in, fuming about the excesses of the infidel Egyptian regime. Within days, the video had taken on a life of its own.

Watching the revelations unfold, one couldn't help but think there was more to come. Sure enough, before long another leak—also spread via blogs—revealed a man (later identified as Ahmed Gad) receiving sharp slaps to the face from a belligerent officer. And then came the jarring image of a young woman, ostensibly a murder suspect, pleading for mercy while suspended from a stick held across two chairs, in what seemed a throwback to a medieval interrogation method. Whoever was behind the camera, presumably a police officer, seemed to relish the ability to capture the scene: As the woman screams "Please, *ya basha*!" (a sign of prostration) over and over, the camera moves in and out, making use of the zoom function with abandon.

Indeed, this may be just the beginning. Wael Abbas, a Cairo-based blogger who was among the first to post the torture videos, has received nearly a dozen additional videos since the beginning of December. Most have been forwarded anonymously, and most, like al-Kabir's, were captured with simple cellphone cameras.

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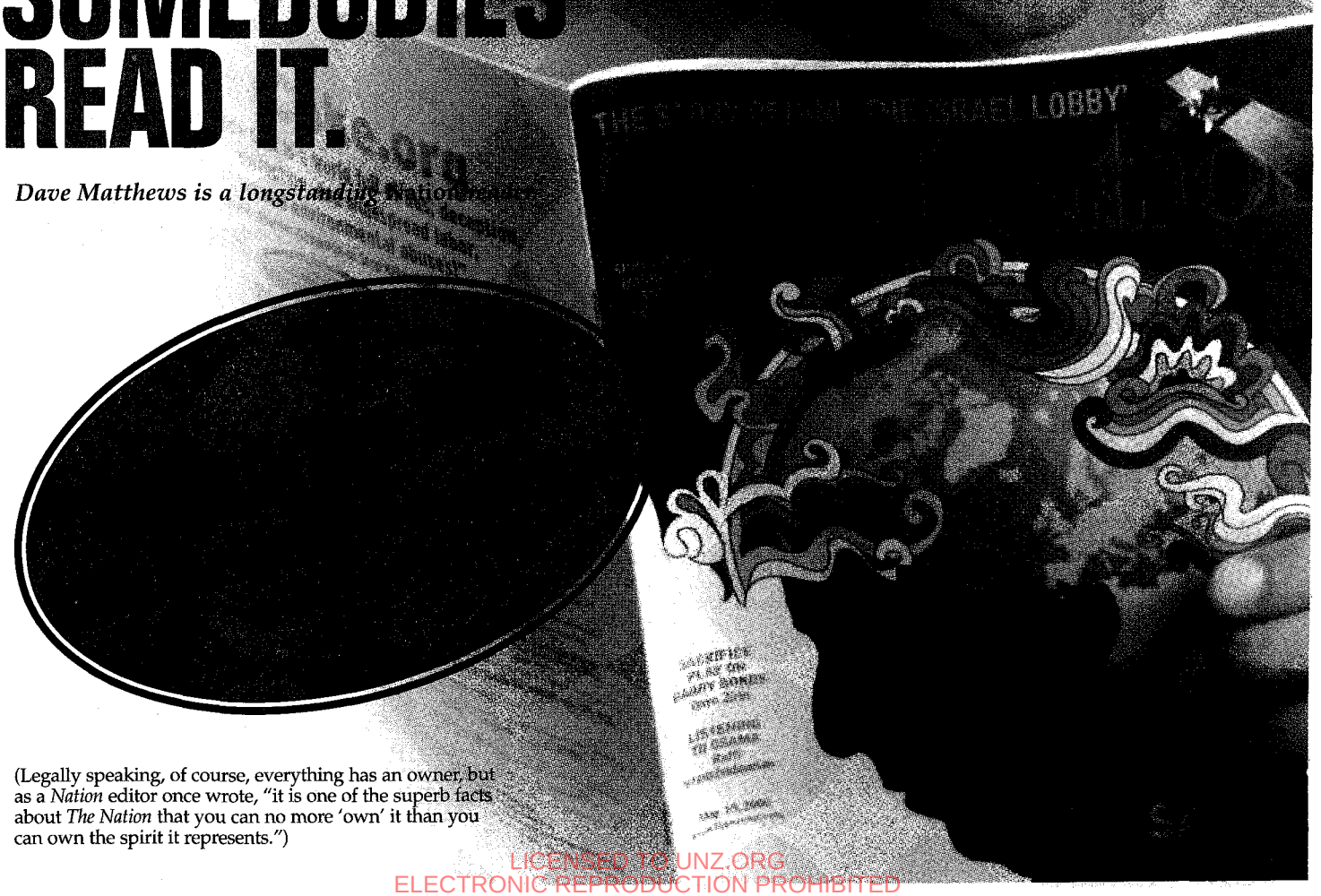

(Legally speaking, of course, everything has an owner, but as a *Nation* editor once wrote, "it is one of the superb facts about *The Nation* that you can no more 'own' it than you can own the spirit it represents.")

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I met Abbas in late December in Cairo, just as the stir created by the al-Kabir video was reaching its peak. "We know people get raped, beaten all the time. And who's going to stick up for a bus driver? But now it's public, and everyone is talking. The government has to do something. They've lost face," he explained.

Bloggers in the developing world have long been the subject of romantic odes in the Western press (give a young man a blog and he will start a revolution). While the capacity of digital technologies to jump-start democracy has often been exaggerated, recent events in Egypt demonstrate blogs' enormous potential as an advocacy tool and, more broadly, as an alternative source of news. Here, a number of bloggers seem to have cracked into a hitherto tightly sealed state monopoly on information dissemination, breaking stories in many cases before the mainstream press.

In this neighborhood, the official press dominates circulation numbers—with a single state-controlled paper producing up to 1 million copies a day, while the whole of the independent press puts out 10,000–40,000, according to Arab Press Freedom Watch. Though a handful of independent papers, such as *Al-Dustour* (whose editor, Ibrahim Issa, faces charges of "insulting the president") and *Al Masry Al Youm* (whose writers have faced similar charges), have managed to push the bounds of what is allowable in the public sphere, until recently it would have been unheard of to take on such subjects as torture carried out by officials without being summarily shut down.

While the capacity of the web to jump-start democracy has been exaggerated, blogs have enormous potential as an advocacy tool.

But things are changing. In many cases blogs, working hand in hand with the modest independent press as well as satellite television channels ("We are the children of Al Jazeera," one blogger recently told me), have broken a number of big stories—from sectarian strife in Alexandria to state-sponsored violence during the last parliamentary elections, and even the type of routine crackdowns that occur during demonstrations. Together these forces have not only created an alternative source of information but have increasingly managed to shame the government into punishing those responsible for abuses. Since the leak of the notorious "slaps" video, the officer charged with the abuse of Gad, for example, has been suspended while his case is under investigation. The Interior Ministry, meanwhile, has publicly called for the identification of the pleading woman hanging from the stick, as well as the officers who carried out that abuse.

Still, whatever happens to the perpetrators of the recent spate of leaked abuses, torture will likely remain routine in Egypt for the time being. The sort of roughing up that takes place in dark alleys, security checkpoints and dingy police stations daily—normally targeting ordinary citizens—continues to pass unquestioned. Not only are torture and abuse tolerated; in the security services violence is broadly valued as a sign of authority, strength, bravado. It is not uncommon for lower-level officers to get promotions for such theatrics. In fact, the original video of al-Kabir appears to have circulated for months (the abuse was carried out in January 2006) among police officers and taxi drivers, Abu Ghraib–style, before it was leaked to the public. The images were likely shared for bragging purposes—and to serve as a sort of warning to those who would dare to tread on police turf, as al-Kabir had. It's hardly surprising that, following the video's wide circulation and al-Kabir's statements on a satellite television channel about his experience, he received a torrent of phone calls demanding his silence and threatening both him and his family.

This is not the first time that bloggers in this country have roused the ire of the authorities. Last spring at least six bloggers were arrested in connection with demonstrations in solidarity with senior judges demanding independence of the judiciary from the executive branch. Although the bloggers were not explicitly picked up for their writings, their arrests revealed the deep links between electronic activism and the street at large. In Egypt in particular, blogging as a phenomenon was not born in a vacuum but rather has emerged as an extension of existing popular movements—whether it is the country's modest street opposition movement, Kifaya, or even the banned Muslim Brotherhood, which has equally embraced the web and the blogosphere (just look at ikhwanweb.net). Together with e-mail and text messaging, blogging has undeniably changed the way activism is carried out.

Alaa Abd El Fattah, a 24-year-old who blogs with his wife at manalaa.net and also runs omraneya.net, an aggregator for more than 1,500 Egyptian blogs (with 2,000 in queue), was among the detained last spring—held for forty-six days on various charges ranging from insulting the president to obstructing traffic to inciting citizens to topple the regime. As he was leaving state security upon his release one official took him aside, making it clear that he was an avid reader of blogs.

"The people they targeted at the time of the judges' demonstrations used the Internet to mobilize. We've gotten as far as we have as a movement because we're linked to the street. We spread word of demonstrations through blogs, we organize and gain supporters through them, we publicize abuses at protests. Kifaya even started as a petition on the Internet," El Fattah tells me. He counts himself among the self-proclaimed "geeks" who helped make building a community of bloggers a possibility in Egypt and ultimately made the Egyptian blogosphere a success story in the region.

Another young blogger, Mohamed al-Sharkawi, was arrested twice during the judges' demonstrations. On his blog, he had not only supported the striking judges but also posted strident editorials critical of President Hosni Mubarak. In detention, he was blindfolded, beaten and molested with a rolled-up cardboard tube. When I met him in January at his rooftop apartment, he recalled the experience. "All I remember is three voices hanging above me: 'Why are you attending demonstrations? Why did you write on your blog that we treated you badly in prison? Do you think you'll become a star?'" When I asked al-Sharkawi what he would do if the authorities eventually shut down his blog, which he continues to update daily, he replied,

Negar Azimi is senior editor of Bidoun, *an arts and culture magazine based in New York.*

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"I'll set up another one. They have nearly killed me already—what more can they do?"

But how threatening, we may wonder, can a handful of bloggers be—and how much of a threat could they be to the twenty-five-year-and-running rule of a leader like Mubarak? After all, many of them are simply tech-savvy twentysomethings recently out of university. And besides, how big a role can bloggers play in a country in which they number just over 3,000—a mere fraction of whom write political content?

Hossam el-Hamalawy runs arabawy.org, a blog that has been central to documenting what he has dubbed Egypt's very own Videogate. "We're exploding," he tells me. "The government didn't see it coming, and it's creating a domino effect. You read bloggers in Tunisia, Yemen, Libya, and they take pride in the Egyptian gains. Once you get this far, there's no going back. You can't take the plug out." As recently as January 2005, there were only about thirty blogs in the country. "My dream is that one day there will be a blogger with a digital camera in every street in Egypt."

Middle Eastern bloggers are engaging in a sort of citizen journalism that stands, in its own modest way, to alter the political terrain.

Exploding or not, this sort of electronic activism defies facile definitions. No longer simply an upper- or middle-class phenomenon, blogging has become an outlet for expression among a broad spectrum of people. Some bloggers post exclusively from Internet cafes (those without PCs), some are without a university education, many are women. Today there is a blogger in every urban center in Egypt—from the stark Sinai Peninsula to Mansoura in the Nile Delta. Most write in Arabic. Recently one blogger went so far as to set up a site devoted to bringing attention to police brutalities taking place in the Sinai following bouts of terrorism (hundreds, even thousands of Bedouins have been disappeared by state security, often locked away and abused with impunity). Other blogs broach the sensitive subject of how the country's religious minorities are treated—particularly the Copts, who make up Egypt's Christian community. Blogs have also been a crucial space for engaging such uncomfortable topics as sexuality, race and beyond. Suddenly, the (improvised) Arabic word *mudawena*, signifying a blogger, has found its way into the lexicon.

The turning point in Egypt in particular, if one were to identify one, may go back to May 2005. Under pressure from his Western patrons to engage in what is casually referred to as "reform," President Mubarak had called for a referendum vote on a constitutional amendment that would provide for the country's first multiparty elections. The proposed amendment, however, was dismissed by many within the country as little more than window dressing to appease the United States, an empty gesture at best. Protests calling for boycotts of the vote on referendum day devolved into a melee marked by hundreds of men—many of them hired government thugs—harassing and sexually abusing women who had gathered on downtown streets. While the government vehemently denied allegations of sexual abuse (dismissing the "fantasies" and "fabrications" of a few "creative minds"), images shot by both participants and observers on small digital cameras and phones wound up on blogs like Wael Abbas's in the following days—making it virtually impossible to explain away the accusations. Since that time, blogs have become a repository for everything from stories about striking ambulance workers threatening to commit suicide to debates about corruption in the health sector to accounts of camel butchers shouting obscenities at parliamentary speaker Fathi Sorour. In other words, these are stories that would never see the light of day given the conventions and dictates of the state press.

For good reason, the government is growing jittery about blogging. At the moment, at least one blogger, Abdul Kareem Nabeil Suleiman (who goes by the Internet name Kareem Amer), remains in solitary confinement, awaiting trial for his criticisms of Islam in general and conservative Al-Azhar University, where he was once a student, in particular. The charges against him include "defaming the president of Egypt." One Coptic blogger, Hala Helmy Botros (she goes by the Internet name Hala El Masry), who has written at length about persecution of the Coptic minority, clearly went too far recently; the computers at an Internet cafe she once frequented have been confiscated. (Proprietors of Internet cafes are often given lists of people who may not use their services, checking ID is de rigueur and prominent signs announce "No entry to political or sexual sites by order of the State Security.") And on January 8 a reporter from Al Jazeera named Howeida Taha was detained as she was leaving the country. Taha had tapes in hand for work on a forthcoming documentary on torture; she had recorded testimonies of victims and had amassed various videos of police brutality. Al Jazeera, for its part, announced on its Arabic-language website that Egyptian prosecutors had accused the journalist of "filming footage that harms the national interest of the country, possessing and giving pictures contradicting the truth, and giving a wrong description of the situation in the country."

There are additional signs that the government campaign against electronic activism may be escalating. The Interior Ministry has been pursuing this campaign through a special unit called the Department for Confronting Computer and Internet Crime. Thanks to a 2006 court ruling, websites can be shut down if they are deemed a threat to national security. Some of the country's more active political bloggers, such as Abbas and al-Sharkawi, are regularly trailed, harassed and intimidated by state security. And the official press has been launching rhetorical attacks against bloggers at large, accusing them of "spreading malicious rumors about Egypt," "working for the Americans," "engaging in satanic sexual fantasy" and so on.

Across the Middle East bloggers are engaging in a sort of citizen journalism that stands, in its own modest way, to alter the political terrain. In Bahrain they have clamored for freedom of expression on the web, also having played a large role in pushing for female participation in that country's parliamentary elections. Earlier this year Bahraini bloggers used Google Earth satellite maps to juxtapose the vast wealth of the ruling family against increasingly destitute areas, exposing the rampant in-

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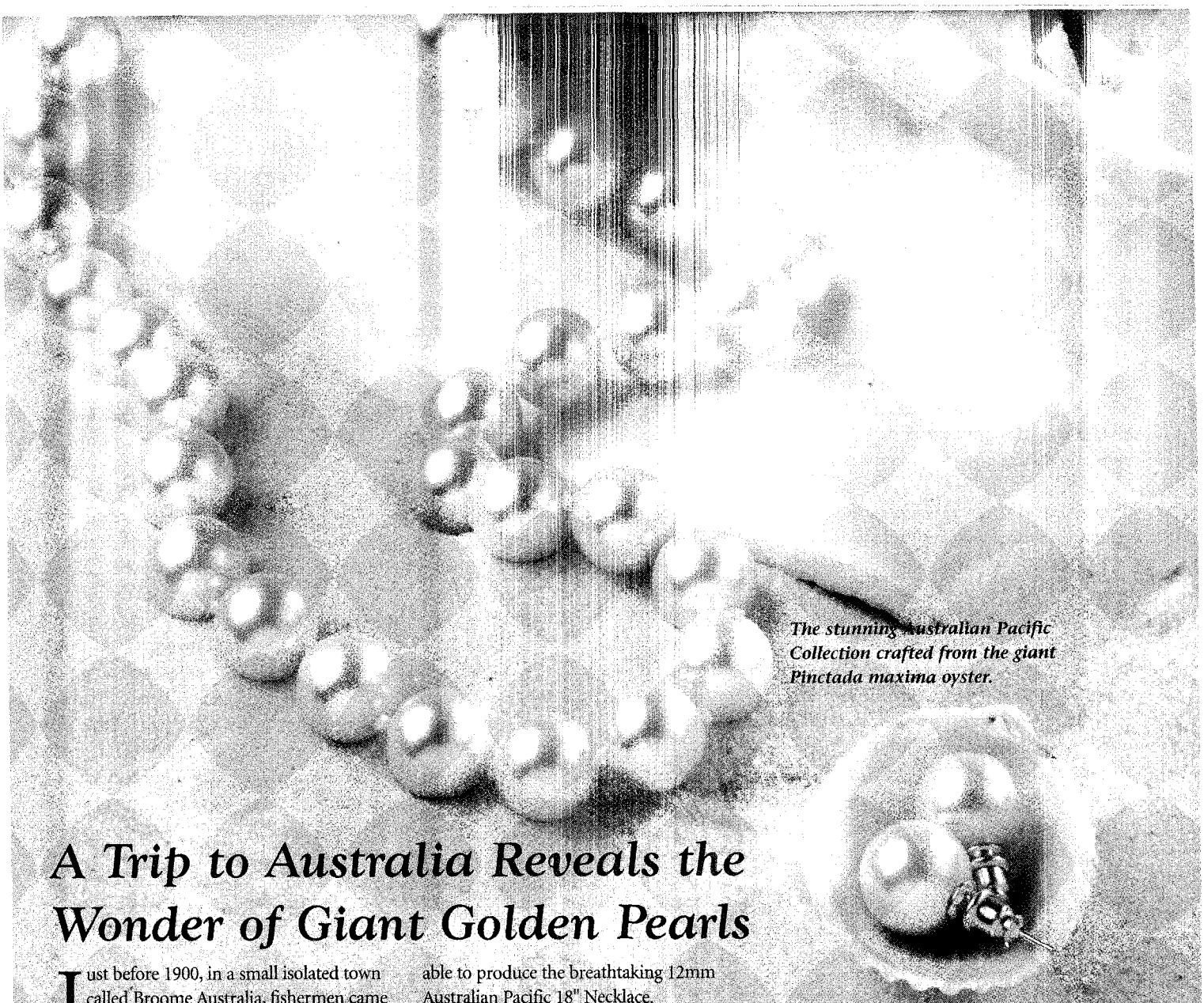

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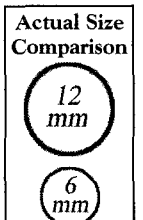

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equities in the Gulf kingdom at large (imagine palace meets slum). The Google Earth site was shut down for three days until international attention seemed to shame the Bahraini government into lifting the ban. In Lebanon blogs provided a home for reactions to last summer's war, along with documentation of its ravages. In Qaddafi's Libya blogs persist, though a number of political bloggers have been imprisoned, and in one especially sordid case a writer covering government corruption had his fingers chopped off before he was murdered—presumably a sign to others who would consider following his lead. And this is to say nothing of Iran, where Internet activity is so significant that despite restrictions, Farsi has cracked the top ten represented languages in the global blogosphere.

But where, you may ask, are the Western governments that have lent such impassioned rhetorical support to the democratic aspirations of citizens of the Middle East since 9/11? In Egypt, the US government in particular has undeniably played some role in creating openings for activists, bloggers among them. But today that commitment seems to have ebbed, the enthusiasm for democracy promotion dampened by the prospect of Islamist groups like the Muslim Brotherhood, Hamas and Hezbollah gaining power via elections throughout the region.

And so when Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice passed through Cairo on one leg of a Middle East tour in January, she made it crystal clear that her Administration had opted to favor stability over rocking the boat. She uttered hardly a whisper about the events of recent weeks (torture revelations, jailed bloggers) or the country's dismal human rights record in general. At a news conference in the historic city of Luxor, Rice intoned, "Obviously the relationship with Egypt is an important strategic relationship—one that we value greatly." On previous trips to the country, Rice had been more confrontational, raising issues such as the importance of free and fair elections, the need for an independent judiciary and even the country's subpar treatment of its political prisoners. This time around, however, there was not a peep about anything that could compromise the postcard image of Egypt as a reliably moderate, pro-Western Arab regime. As the US government's grandiose plan to democratize the region stumbles—and Iraq in particular (which was to be the jewel in the crown of this new Middle East) slips further into pandemonium—even the requisite lip service to reform has all but disappeared. The noose on local democracy activists, in the meantime, tightens.

Just days before the Secretary of State's visit, in what seemed an uncanny twist of fate, al-Kabir, the young bus driver, was sentenced to three months in prison. The charge: "resisting authorities." While the police officers responsible for his abuse will face a trial in March, his lawyer and human rights groups expressed concern that al-Kabir would face further torture in prison. His bizarre sentence seemed to signal that little may have changed, despite the glimmer of hope offered by the media frenzy of the past weeks. Indeed, as the ruling was announced, it seemed that for the Egyptian regime as well as the US government that readily accommodates it, it was back to business as usual. ■

THE CANDIDATE AND HIS TOP AIDE CRAFT AN UPBEAT MESSAGE FOR ACRIMONIOUS TIMES.

Obama's Media Maven

CHRISTOPHER HAYES

Given his rhetorical skills, Harvard Law pedigree, up-by-the-bootstraps bio and, well, his race, it is hard not to compare recently elected Massachusetts Governor Deval Patrick to his friend Barack Obama. Both men entered crowded primaries in which they were definitively not favored. They both inspired a kind of personal pride among supporters that is rare in politics. On the evening of Obama's convincing primary victory, the crowd and the candidate joined in chanting, "Yes We Can!" and if you listen closely to video of Patrick rallies, you'll hear the crowd chanting the very same thing. When Patrick looked into the camera in one ad and said the state's problem wasn't a "deficit of dollars but a deficit of leadership," it was hard not to hear echoes of Obama's oft-used line that the country's biggest problem isn't a budget deficit but an "empathy deficit." And in Patrick's most effective ad, he stands on a stage delivering an impassioned speech to a crescendo of applause as Obama sits on a stool just behind him, nodding approvingly, his head perfectly framed in the shot.

KAREN CALDICOTT

Which brings us to something else the two men share: David Axelrod, the 51-year-old reporter turned media consultant who was the key media strategist for both men's campaigns. He's the one who wrote those ads, framed that shot and came up with the "Yes We Can" tag line. "I don't bring these messages to candidates," Axelrod says when I point out the similarities. "I look for candidates who exemplify and reflect those messages." In the cases of Obama and Patrick, he says, the work is a collaboration. "They take and improve on what you bring them; they deliver it well because they believe in it. It's like riffing with great musicians."

Even though he lives 1,000 miles from the notoriously clubby world of political consulting, Axelrod has become one of its most successful and respected practitioners. Mark McKinnon,

Christopher Hayes, a Nation *contributing writer and senior editor at* In These Times, *is a Puffin Foundation writing fellow at The Nation Institute.*

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Dr. David J. Schenker, Ph.D., is Associate Professor and Director of Undergraduate Studies in the Department of Classical Literature at the University of Missouri-Columbia. Dr. Schenker earned his doctorate in Classics from the University of California at Berkeley.

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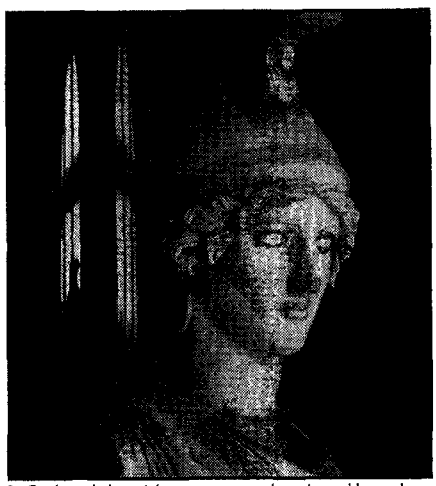

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In Greek mythology, Athena was an armed warrior goddess and helped many heroes, including Heracles and Odysseus.

Lecture Titles

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5. Homer IV—*Odyssey,* Introduction and Prelude
6. Homer V—*Odyssey,* The Adventures
7. Homer VI—*Odyssey,* Reintegration
8. Hesiod—*Theogony* and *Works and Days*
9. Homeric Hymns
10. Lyric Poetry I—Archilochus and Solon
11. Lyric Poetry II—Sappho and Alcaeus
12. Tragedy—Contexts and Conventions
13. Aeschylus I—*Persians*
14. Aeschylus II—*Agamemnon*
15. Aeschylus III—*Libation Bearers* and *Eumenides*
16. Sophocles I—*Ajax* and *Philoctetes*
17. Sophocles II—*Oedipus the King*
18. Sophocles III—*Oedipus at Colonus* and *Antigone*
19. Euripides I—*Electra, Orestes, Trojan Women*
20. Euripides II—*Medea* and *Hippolytus*
21. Euripides III—*The Bacchae*
22. Aristophanes I—Introduction to Old Comedy
23. Aristophanes II—*Acharnians* and *Lysistrata*
24. Aristophanes III—*The Frogs* and *The Clouds*
25. Herodotus I—Introduction to History
26. Herodotus II—The Persian Wars
27. Thucydides I—The Peloponnesian War
28. Thucydides II—Books 1–5
29. Thucydides III—Books 6–7
30. Plato I—The Philosopher as Literary Author
31. Plato II—*Symposium*
32. Plato III—*Phaedrus*
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who produced George W. Bush's ads in the last cycle and now works for John McCain, calls Axelrod "the best media guy out there who doesn't have a ring." With his quick wit and knack for soundbites ("The Icon gets hoisted," Axelrod said of the media's treatment of star candidates, "and then it becomes a piñata"), the onetime *Chicago Tribune* political writer is a favorite of reporters seeking quotes. Charming as he can be with journalists, those who have worked with him say, he can be "aggressive" and "extremely difficult" in the trenches of a campaign. Colleagues point out that he's uncommonly idealistic for someone in his line of work, though a veteran Chicago reporter noted that this has its limits: "He's a principled guy, but he's not a philanthropist. The candidates he's worked for have been well funded, and he's made very good money doing what he does."

Axelrod is known for becoming close to his candidates, and indeed, he has become Obama's closest political adviser, talking strategy daily and producing the two videos recently posted to Obama's website. Reclining in a chair in his Chicago office the week before Obama announced the formation of his presidential exploratory committee, Axelrod was subdued, seemingly exhausted, but intense and hyperarticulate. Like Obama he speaks with what can seem a refreshing frankness, though just a few hours later, going over my notes, it was clear that he had remained scrupulously on message.

Axelrod has developed a novel niche for a political consultant: helping black politicians persuade white voters to support them.

Axelrod's firm, AKP Media, which he runs with his partners John Kupper and David Plouffe, has handled a series of high-profile national and state campaigns, from John Edwards's 2004 presidential run to Tom Vilsack's and Eliot Spitzer's gubernatorial races; but for much of its two decades the firm's bread and butter has been mayoral races, with a particularly strong track record in electing black candidates. Indeed, ever since working on the re-election campaign of Chicago's Harold Washington in 1987, Axelrod has developed something of a novel niche for a political consultant: helping black politicians convince white voters to support them. With Obama's bid for the presidency, Axelrod's skill in this area will face the ultimate test.

Born on New York's Lower East Side, Axelrod grew up in a middle-class Jewish household and showed a passion for politics early: At age 10 he was shuffling around his housing complex with a cardboard box filled with John Lindsay-for-mayor literature. He enrolled at the University of Chicago in 1972, lured by Chicago's storied politics, and resolved to become a "newspaperman." Upon graduating he was hired by the *Tribune*, and having just lost his father to suicide, he turned to the paper as a surrogate family. "I was a young kid," he says, "just making my way in the world, and the *Tribune* adopted me."

Axelrod was something of a journalistic prodigy, rising to become city hall bureau chief and political columnist at the ripe old age of 27. Then in 1984, he left it behind to join the campaign of Paul Simon, the bow-tied intellectual mounting an improbable run for US Senate. Though he joined the campaign as communications director, within weeks Axelrod was promoted to co–campaign manager. "We were too dumb to quit," says David Wilhelm, who co-piloted the campaign and would go on to become DNC head in Clinton's first year in office. "It helped that we were so idealistic. One of the things about David Axelrod—I have certainly talked to clients about this—one of the reasons he's so successful is that he is a believer. At the end of the day, he's an idealist. He actually cares about his candidates and their positions on issues. While he can be caustic, he is not a cynic."

When the campaign was done, Axelrod and Forest Claypool, one of his deputies from the campaign, opened their own consulting shop, handling mostly long-shot candidates until 1987, when Chicago Mayor Harold Washington hired the firm to help with his re-election. Four years earlier, Washington had won a historic victory, defeating the machine-backed incumbent, Jane Byrne, to become the city's first black mayor. As the *Tribune*'s city hall bureau chief, Axelrod had ringside seats. "Nineteen eighty-three, that was a phenomenal election. Harold Washington—extraordinary guy. I mean, he was the most kinetic campaigner and politician that I've ever met. It was inspiring the way the African-American community came alive around the prospect of electing Harold. There were those who mistook that for a negative [campaign], but it was one of the most positive campaigns I've ever seen, because people felt empowered."

But if the campaign was positive, the reaction from white Chicago was not. In 1966, when Martin Luther King Jr. came to Chicago to campaign for housing desegregation, he was met with jeers of "Martin Luther Coon" and bricks thrown at his head. It prompted King to observe that people from Mississippi should move to Chicago to "learn how to hate." Seventeen years later, during the Washington campaign, that same ugly side of the city was on full display. Washington was heckled and threatened. Opponents passed out buttons with pictures of watermelons, and Bernard Epton, Washington's white Republican opponent, adopted the slogan "Before It's Too Late." After Washington won, it arguably got worse. The white machine alderman who opposed the Mayor formed a bloc in the City Council that did everything it could to undercut and humiliate him. The "council wars," as the ongoing battle became known, came to embody city politics at its worst: racial civil war fought by parliamentary means. "The city was paralyzed," Axelrod says. "The media called it 'Beirut on the lake.'"

But Mayor Washington was extremely popular among the city's African-American population, and the pettiness of the council wars cemented his support among white liberals, paving the way for his re-election in 1987. "I remember sitting with Harold on the morning after he won the primary," Axelrod recalls with a wistful smile. "He turned to us and asked, 'What percentage of the white vote did I get?' We told him it was 20 percent, and we were happy, because four years earlier he'd gotten only 8 percent." But Washington pointed out that he'd spent 70 to 80 percent of his time during the campaign in white neighborhoods. "He kind of smiled wanly," says Axelrod, "and said, 'Ain't it a bitch to be a black man in the land of the free and the home of the brave,' and then he went out to give one of the most joyous and rollicking and brilliant press conferences I'd ever seen."

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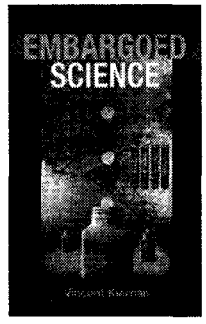
While Axelrod would work on Paul Simon's presidential campaign a year later and branch out from Chicago to state and federal races across the country, he developed a specialty in black mayoral races, working for candidates like Dennis Archer in Detroit, Michael White in Cleveland, Anthony Williams in DC, Lee Brown in Houston and John Street in Philadelphia. Now, as Axelrod prepares to try to persuade nonblack Americans to elect a black man President, it's clear the experience of Harold Washington was a defining moment in the formation of his political consciousness. When he talks about the brutally negative race run by Deval Patrick's opponent, he says offhandedly, "We haven't seen anything like it since Bernie Epton."

Axelrod sees Obama, who was working in Chicago as a community organizer during the Washington years, as a marker of progress, writing the second act of a story that Washington started. "In 1983, after Harold won the primary, he went to the northwest side of Chicago with Walter Mondale. They went to a place called St. Pascal's Catholic Church. And what ensued there was so ugly—the protests—that it became a national story. Twenty-one years later, when Barack ran for the US Senate in the primary against six very strong candidates, he carried every ward on the northwest side except one, and carried the ward that St. Pascal's is in, and I think even the precinct. That's what he was thinking about on primary night. I was thinking, and I told Barack, that Harold Washington is smiling down on us."

What Obama and Washington shared, Axelrod points out—a trait common to many of the successful black candidates he has worked for—is the direct, lived experience of the effects of injustice with a simultaneous faith that the injustice wasn't permanent, that it could be overcome. "In many cases their personal stories are symbolic of the kinds of values that we as a society hold dear even if we haven't always honored them historically," Axelrod says. "The notion that you can overcome great obstacles—[they're] very hopeful figures, and I think that made them very potent politically. They've seen the obstacles and the barriers and they've also overcome them: It shows the work we have to do and the possibility that that work can get done, that you can work for a better future." In other words: They make people feel good about how far we've come.

If the Obama message can be distilled to a single word, it is "hope." It's in the title of his new book (*The Audacity of Hope*) and the name of his PAC (Hopefund). If you page back through Axelrod's work, it's a word that shows up a lot. All politics traffics in clichés, and hope certainly isn't a new one (Bill Clinton: The Man From Hope), but there's a specific resonance to the concept in post-9/11, mid–Iraq War America. The experience of 9/11 gave Americans a feeling of national solidarity that the country probably hadn't experienced since World War II. Those melancholy days served as a kind of time warp, or glimpse, perhaps, of a future public life without the culture wars: one without wedge issues and the quasi-tribal red-blue divisions. Of course, that unity was all too quickly leveraged to pursue a radically militaristic course of action, but that brief taste has left many Americans wanting more. This is what the Axelrod-Obama brain trust has intuited, and what the Obama campaign holds out as its promise: "The pundits, the pundits like to slice and dice our country into red states and blue states: red states for Republicans, blue

Think



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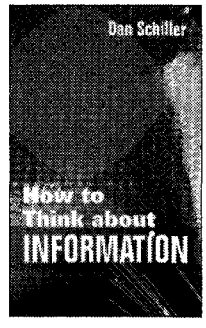

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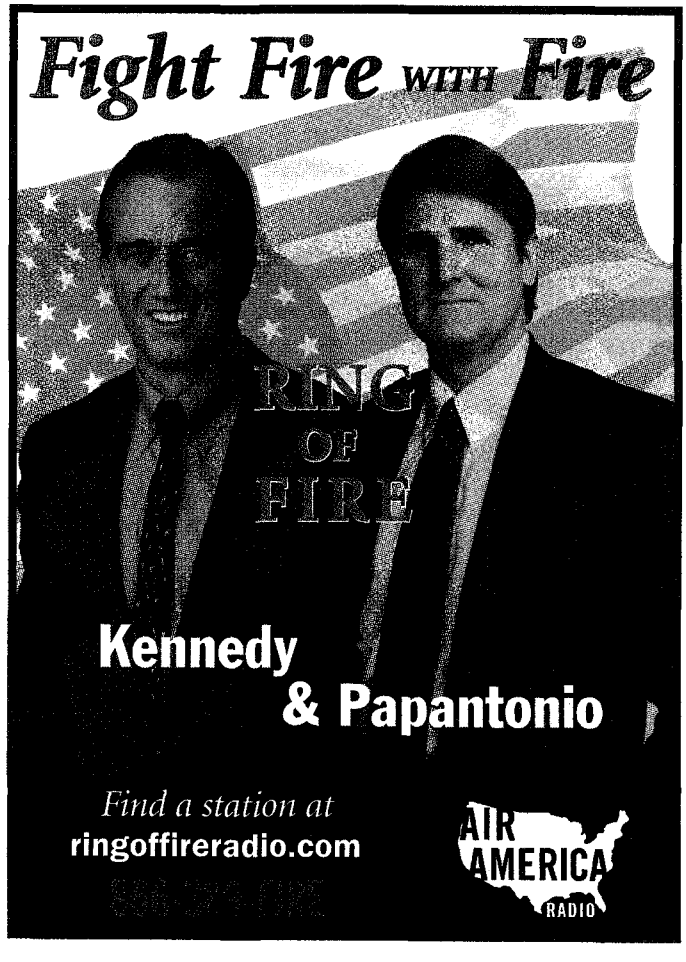

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states for Democrats," Obama said during his 2004 Democratic Convention keynote. "But I've got news for them, too: We are one people, all of us pledging allegiance to the Stars and Stripes, all of us defending the United States of America."

Obama, having grown up stretched across the trenches of the culture wars—black and white, secular and religious, poor neighborhoods and the Ivy League, heartland and the coasts—seems to feel at a gut level the discomfort many Americans have with the culture wars' rituals. In *The Audacity of Hope* he writes about how the political battles of today can seem rooted in "old grudges and revenge plots hatched on a handful of college campuses long ago." And Axelrod, veteran of Chicago's ugly racialized battles, also seems to have a profound understanding of people's yearning for a politics that is somehow less petty and rancorous. Together they have crafted a potent message that speaks to this.

The question is whether a politics free of acrimony can deliver the promise of progress. When I asked Axelrod how he went from working for Washington to working for his erstwhile foe, Mayor Daley, just two years later, he defended it this way: "He reduced the acrimony and became a unifying force, and that was really significant." Of course, in that case the "acrimony" came from the fierce resistance to change, and a return to a more placid politics only came with the monarchical restoration of the king's eldest son.

The hope for a politics of consensus is hardly new. It is the hope embodied in the plaintive, exasperated question asked by Rodney King during America's last spasm of racialized violence: "Can't we all get along?" Axelrod and Obama call it "a new kind of politics," and in their imagining it is a rerun of the Washington race, but this time the empowerment can be shared across the racial divide. This time, there won't be epithets or spit hurled at the candidate. Politics without division; progress without anyone's interests being threatened.

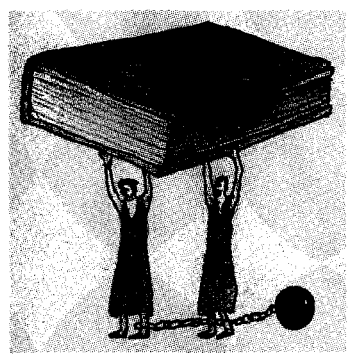
But consensus is a tricky business. Recently the website obamatruth.org mysteriously appeared, featuring a slick three-minute video hit-piece intended to make Obama out to be a money-grubbing, uppity sellout. "In his lust for personal wealth," the site asks, "has Barack Obama sold his moral compass?" Though the site doesn't offer any clues as to its provenance, it is registered to one Joe Novak, a Republican opposition researcher and dirty trickster who during the last election cycle produced a series of notorious negative ads aired on black commercial radio. Axelrod knows Novak well. Back in the 1980s, Novak got his start as a hatchet man for none other than Ed Vrdolyak, the white alderman who was Harold Washington's chief nemesis. Vrdolyak affectionately referred to him as "Low Blow Joe." As Washington learned, as interested as you might be in unity, your enemies get a vote, too. ■

JOYCE'S FIRST US PUBLISHERS WERE CONVICTED OF OBSCENITY. IT'S TIME TO CLEAR THEM.

Free the Ulysses Two

STEPHEN GILLERS

In February 1921, a New York court convicted Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap of obscenity and fined them $50 each for publishing an excerpt from *Ulysses* in their low-circulation literary magazine. They had no money, so someone else paid the fines. Later, Anderson regretted not going to jail instead. Heap took the long view. "The only question relevant at all to *Ulysses* is—Is it a work of Art?" she wrote. It took thirty-six years for the law to come around. Beginning in 1957, the Supreme Court posed Heap's question in deciding the scope of First Amendment protection for descriptions of sex in works of art. Heap died in 1964 and Anderson in 1973. Each remains unpardoned for the crime of publishing parts of the greatest English-language novel of the twentieth century. In this 125th anniversary of Joyce's birth, it's time to expunge the record.



KAREN CALDICOTT

With almost no funds, Anderson, then 28, started *The Little Review* in Chicago in 1914. Heap joined her in 1916, and they moved the magazine to New York a year later. They published good poets and writers, the already famous and the not yet famous: Ezra Pound, Ford Madox Ford, T.S. Eliot and William Carlos Williams among them. And they published excerpts from the yet unfinished *Ulysses*, which Pound, their European editor, got from Joyce and forwarded. In her disjointed autobiography, Anderson described her reaction on receiving the first excerpt: "This is the most beautiful thing we'll ever have, I cried. We'll print it if it's the last effort of our lives." It wasn't. Serialization of *Ulysses*, which began in March 1918, continued to December 1920. There were problems at the post office, which burned some issues, but that was nothing you couldn't deal with if you were dedicated to great literature, which Anderson and Heap were.

The conviction of Anderson and Heap delayed American publication of *Ulysses* for a dozen years after Joyce completed it, in 1921. Personal and financial risks were too great. Until the young Bennett Cerf appeared in 1932 with his new company, Random House, represented by civil liberties lawyer Morris Ernst, no one would chance publication despite Joyce's growing reputation or the fact that in February 1922, Sylvia Beach published *Ulysses* in France (in English) through her bookstore, Shakespeare and Company, without incident and with good sales, amounting to

Stephen Gillers teaches law and literature at New York University School of Law. This essay is part of a study of confrontations between artists and the law.

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eleven editions in the ensuing decade. Within weeks, smuggled copies of the French edition were selling for $50 in New York.

No matter. In the summer of 1922 John Quinn, a prominent and politically connected New York lawyer, told Harriet Shaw Weaver, Joyce's British benefactor, that "*Ulysses*, unexpurgated, unchanged, cannot be published in the United States without the certainty of prosecution and conviction." This was partly his fault. Quinn, a friend of Joyce, Yeats and Pound, reluctantly defended Anderson and Heap in court. He disliked his clients and didn't want the case. He was certain he would lose and did. If he had been less certain, he might have won.

Anderson and Heap had invited trouble when, in search of readers, they mailed unsolicited copies of the July/August 1920 issue to potential subscribers. The issue contained a part of the novel's "Nausicaa" episode, which finds Leopold Bloom on the beach not far from a young woman, Gerty MacDowell. Satirizing romance fiction, Joyce wrote:

> She leaned back far to look up where the fireworks were and she caught her knee in her hands so as not to fall back looking up and there was no one to see only him and her when she revealed all her graceful beautifully shaped legs like that, supply soft and delicately rounded, and she seemed to hear the panting of his heart, his hoarse breathing, because she knew about the passion of men like that...

Gerty continues to lean back as Bloom watches and ejaculates in his pants.

A copy of this issue reached a girl, age unknown, who showed it to her father, a lawyer. He sent it to the district attorney, Edward Swann, with a note. "Surely," he wrote, "there must be some way of keeping such 'literature' out of the homes of people who don't want it even if, in the interests of morality, there is no means of suppressing it." This was quite sensible. Those who want it could buy it; others shouldn't have it sent unsolicited. But Swann chose an aggressive course. He enlisted the services of John Sumner.

Sumner, a graduate of NYU law school, was the second secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice (Anthony Comstock was the first). Responding to Swann, he bought copies of *The Little Review* at the Washington Square Bookshop on West 8th Street in Greenwich Village (today it's a shoe store). He read the "Nausicaa" episode, found it obscene and filed a complaint at the Jefferson Market Courthouse a few blocks away (today it's a library where patrons can borrow *Ulysses*). Three judges (no jury) convicted Anderson and Heap in February. They did not appeal. Quinn, who worked free, had no wish to continue. His clients had no money for another lawyer.

Alas. An appeal might have succeeded and changed the publishing history of *Ulysses* in America. In 1921 the law remained mostly hostile to anything in print (or other medium) if "the matter" had a "tendency...to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences, and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall." That is the unexplained test in an 1868 English case, *Queen v. Hicklin*. Despite its lack of anything that could be likened to legal reasoning, *Hicklin* had substantial influence on American obscenity law. But rulings were inconsistent. One court might offer *Hicklin* as the only justifica-

WHAT WILL THE DEMOCRATS DO?

THEY

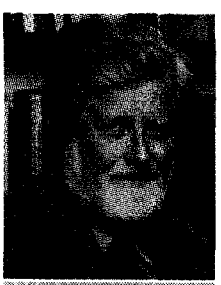
With a razor-thin Congressional majority but hopes of capturing the White House, what will the Democrats do in the next two years—and what should they do? There's Iraq, global warming, the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, nuclear proliferation, the healthcare crisis, widening economic inequality, the failed war on drugs, and continuing threats to the Constitution—and that's just the short list. How will values and realpolitik, policy and political opportunism mix in the months ahead—and how will it affect America, and the world?

Thursday, February 15, 7:00 to 8:30

Katrina vanden Heuvel, editor and publisher, *The Nation*

Orlando Patterson, Cowles Professor of Sociology, Harvard Univ.

Timothy Patrick McCarthy, Lecturer, Kennedy School of Govt., Harvard Univ.


Moderated by Richard Parker, Senior Fellow, Shorenstein Center, Harvard Univ.

Jonathan Schell, author, Willens Fellow, The Nation Institute

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tion for suppression, while another would struggle to escape its straitjacket. Who, after all, wanted to be remembered as the judge who banned Voltaire, Ovid, Fielding or Rabelais, each of whose works had been the subject of New York litigation?

The law was changing. Censors lost important cases in the period toward and after the end of the First World War. These included the 1918 acquittal—before the same court that later tried Anderson and Heap—of bookstore clerk Raymond Halsey for selling Sumner a copy of Théophile Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, first published in France in 1835 and in the United States in 1917. The book described serial seductions, cross-dressing and same-sex attraction. Here is how a Vice Society brief described one theme:

> "Rosalind," masquerading in man's attire as the Chavalier Theodore de Serannes, succeeds in inflaming Rosette's passions and a large part is given to Rosette's vain efforts in trying to bring "Theodore" as a lover to the crucial point, and her inability to repay Rosette's love in the one way desired, ending in a duel with Rosette's brother Alcibiades.

Not only was Halsey acquitted, he sued the Society for malicious prosecution and won $2,500 from a jury, affirmed on appeal.

The Society suffered other losses. In September 1922, a judge dismissed a Sumner complaint against publisher Horace Liveright, who sold a translation of Petronius' *Satyricon*. In the same month, another judge dismissed a complaint against Thomas Seltzer, who had angered the Society by publishing D.H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*; Arthur Schnitzler's *Casanova's Homecoming*; and *A Young Girl's Diary* with a preface by Sigmund Freud. These verdicts, though coming more than a year after the Anderson and Heap convictions, were part of a growing trend away from *Hicklin*.

Why couldn't Quinn tap into that trend? It didn't help, of course, that he had no faith in his clients' case. As important, Quinn was an insider, an accommodator, when the defense needed a fighter. Where Thomas Seltzer mounted an aggressive publicity campaign, Quinn was chagrined that his clients had the temerity to bring their supporters to court. Anderson later wrote that Otto Kahn, who gave *The Little Review* financial help, told her: "John Quinn is rather old fashioned, I'm afraid. I should have given you Morris Gest as a publicity agent and had the case on all the front pages."

Some of Quinn's legal arguments are mystifying. He tried to distinguish between types of filth. Although Joyce's work was filthy, Quinn conceded, it was not the sort of filth that corrupted (he cited Oscar Wilde as an example) but the sort that deterred. And at a hearing to decide if the case should go to trial, he argued that *Ulysses* could not corrupt, because no one could understand it. The judge was unimpressed. There is "one...episode," he ruled, "where the man went off in his pants, which no one could misunderstand."

But we need not fault Quinn's defense to conclude that Anderson and Heap deserve exoneration. They were ahead of their time. The law and the facts have caught up with them. The law now asks Heap's question—Is it a work of Art?—in deciding whether written or visual expression is constitutionally protected. And Anderson was right about the literary value of *Ulysses*. Here is a risk-free pardon opportunity for Eliot Spitzer, New York's new governor.

Free the Ulysses Two. ■

LETTERS
CONTINUED

(Continued From Page 2)

media. And it belittles the fact that these changes have been brought about from below by ordinary citizens. TEO BALLVÉ

Co-editor, Dispatches From Latin America

EVIATAR REPLIES

Brooklyn, NY

■ Teo Ballvé is absolutely right: Both Bolivia and Ecuador have seen mass mobilizations in recent years demanding that their leaders take over control of oil and gas industries to insure they produce real benefits for the masses, not just the elite. Still, there's no question that Chávez's bold moves in forcing major multinational oil companies to renegotiate their contracts and return control of the industry to the Venezuelan government have strongly influenced Evo Morales in Bolivia and Rafael Correa in Ecuador.

Chávez's influence isn't just bluster: Venezuela has plenty of oil money Chávez can use to back it up. That's allowed him to provide cash, fuel and technical assistance to countries that oppose US-promoted policies and could suffer reductions in foreign aid or World Bank loans as a result. Chávez's influence isn't the reason leaders in Bolivia and Ecuador want more control over their oil and gas industries; but he's making it a whole lot easier for them to follow through on their promises. DAPHNE EVIATAR

DIVERSITY OVER ADVERSITY

Lubbock, Tex.

■ Regarding Patricia Williams's "America to Me" ["Diary of a Mad Law Professor," Dec. 25] and the "de facto" resegregation of our society, I would like to give a personal parental perspective. All four of my children attended racially diverse public schools because of magnet programs and/or federal court-ordered busing. In West Texas, it is a great understatement to say that these were not popular programs.

This racially diverse experience, in everyday school life and in athletic competition, has been a true gift for my children. It has been a huge factor in molding their social views, especially the concept that often our socioeconomic level is a mere accident of birth (George W. Bush being a prime example). The continued expanse of the white suburban/shopping mall/white private school culture will widen the divide between people in different racial and socioeconomic groups and will not serve society well. We *must* embrace diversity. DIRK MURCHISON

LEARNINGS FOR PROVINCIAL EDITORS

Albany, NY

■ The letter by Chris Vecchio on the "Tao of Borat" makes many good points ["Letters," Jan. 1]. However, it was jarring to read of "Americans' general ignorance of life in Eastern Europe" as he discusses Kazakhstan—an illustration of geographic ignorance in relation to this former Soviet Republic, which is located well inside Central Asia. EILEEN KAWOLA

BARACK OBAMA & DAILY KOS

■ Due to an editing error in Christopher Hayes's "Only Words" last week, Barack Obama was misquoted as calling Daily Kos "boring" and "predictable." He actually said, "One good test as to whether folks are doing interesting work is, Can they surprise me? And increasingly, when I read Daily Kos, it doesn't surprise me. It's all just exactly what I would expect."

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Close Reader

STEFAN COLLINI

WILLIAM EMPSON: Volume I: Among the Mandarins.
By John Haffenden.
Oxford. 695 pp. $49.95.

WILLIAM EMPSON: Volume II: Against the Christians.
By John Haffenden.
Oxford. 797 pp. $65.

William Empson "invented modern literary criticism in English." It is no small claim. Of course, we need, in the manner of the activity in question, to submit every word in that judgment (by Empson's biographer, John Haffenden) to close scrutiny. We would not ordinarily think of "literary criticism" as something that could be "invented," certainly not by one individual, so there is already a suspicion that Empson is being credited here with a more specific achievement than first meets the eye. "Modern" raises another cluster of questions about how the activity Empson is alleged to have fathered differed from that practiced by, say, Dryden, Johnson, Coleridge or Arnold. And even "in English" may be taken to signal that a distinctively English or perhaps Anglo-American tradition is at issue, distinct from French or German or other European models for talking about literature.

When clarified in this way, the claim starts to become intriguing rather than self-defeatingly hyperbolic. Those who recall Empson's name only from textbook histories will associate him with the ingenious, perhaps sometimes overingenious, identification of multiple meanings in individual words and phrases within lines of poetry—the kind of dazzling virtuosity of interpretation that he exhibited in his first book, *Seven Types of Ambiguity*, published in 1930. But, as this magnificent biography demonstrates, there was much, much more to him than that. However, any attempt at a more considered estimation of his achievement is likely to come up against a particular obstacle these days, especially in the United States, the result of a canard that was much in vogue in graduate schools in the closing decades of the twentieth century. This decreed that "criticism" should be understood as one among several possible "approaches" to the "study" of literature, the approach associated above all with the distinctive, but (allegedly) unreflective and theoretically innocent, practice of the New Critics, who were dominant in the academic study of English in the United States from the 1930s to at least the 1960s but who, it is claimed, were then superseded by the more analytical and systematic inquiries of "literary theory." "Close reading" is thus supposed to have been discredited as a "method," yielding to the superior knowingness of those deconstructive and politically sensitive "reading strategies" often described as "the hermeneutics of suspicion." So even if Empson could, in any intelligible sense, be credited with fathering "modern literary criticism," that would simply confirm that his work is outmoded, an exhibit belonging to the paleolithic period in the history of literary studies.

R. FERNDON GOODWIN

Stefan Collini is a professor of intellectual history and English literature at Cambridge. His Absent Minds: Intellectuals in Britain *was published by Oxford in 2006.*

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Among its several failings, this tendentious piece of pseudo-history confused the activity of reading works of literature with the various claims made *about* that activity. The conceptual inquiries lumped together as "literary theory" may illuminate aspects of the practice of literary criticism and may especially uncover the grounds of its possibility, but they cannot "replace" it. So-called close reading is really just reading—attentive, intelligent, responsive reading. Its antithesis is not "theory" but something like "slack reading," which is certainly a much more widespread activity, even if not one actually recommended in those terms by supposedly rival approaches. Anyone seriously engaged with literature, whatever his theoretical allegiances, practices close reading; it only becomes one "approach" among others when the attempt is made to abstract some principles from it that are held to rule out the legitimacy of other ways of thinking about one's reading.

Textbook surveys, identifying Empson with the interpretive fertility of *Seven Types*, sometimes classify him as a British outrider of the New Critics. But this is a fundamental error. Indeed, Empson spent much of his later career vigorously polemicizing against the New Critics, who, he believed, were attempting artificially to constrain criticism by declaring illegitimate any inferences from our knowledge of the author and his intentions, or our knowledge of the intellectual assumptions of the period, or of its generic conventions, and so on. The artificial purity of the exclusive concentration on "the words on the page" meant, in his view, trying to rule out "a process which all persons not insane are using in all their social experience." Common "social experience" was the final court of appeal in Empson's criticism. He may have displayed an exceptionally alert responsiveness to verbal detail, but it was always (at least after his first book) in the service of the enterprise of understanding a work of literature as a whole, of identifying the meanings its author intended to convey, of placing a particular artifact within the larger range of forms of human self-expression. Whether or not Empson can be said to have "invented" anything about this activity, he practiced it with a virtuosity recognized even by those with whom he most sharply disagreed: "I believe that before he is done," John Crowe Ransom handsomely acknowledged in late 1952, "Empson will rank as the leading literary critic of our time."

During his lifetime (1906–84), William Empson published four books that lastingly shaped the activity of criticism: *Seven Types of Ambiguity* (1930), *Some Versions of Pastoral* (1935), *The Structure of Complex Words* (1951) and *Milton's God* (1961). He is also generally regarded as one of the best minor poets of the twentieth century. His poetry, nearly all of it written between the late 1920s and the end of the '30s, has a cerebral exactness and a marked formal elegance (he excelled in unfashionable forms such as the villanelle). Several poets of the next generation claimed to take much of their inspiration from Empson: Robert Lowell wrote to him in 1958 to say, "I think you are the most intelligent poet writing in our language and perhaps the best. I put you with Hardy and Graves and Auden and Philip Larkin." Even before Empson died, both his poetry and his criticism had already lost some of their appeal, the flame being kept alight by small bands of devoted admirers. But the fashionable orthodoxies in whose name he was demoted have in their turn lost their glamour and started to fade, so it is possible that the publication of this two-volume biography will help to gain him new readers and to restore him to his proper eminence.

Whether or not Empson 'invented' a new kind of literary criticism, he practiced it with a virtuosity even his adversaries recognized.

Empson came of Yorkshire gentry stock; a certain patrician confidence sustained him through his geographically unsettled existence and his at times extravagantly penurious bohemianism. He went to Cambridge in 1925 to study mathematics, which he did for three years (he is rare among literary critics in his level of scientific literacy). He then switched to the recently established course in English for an additional year, 1928–29. By virtue of being in the same college, he had the good fortune to be taught by I.A. Richards, then the intellectual pinup of the Cambridge English faculty, who had recently embarked on his legendary lectures on "practical criticism." Empson wrote an essay for his supervisor exploring how multiple meanings worked in poetry; the essay grew unmanageably large; recognizing the quirky brilliance of his pupil, Richards recommended him to go away and work up the piece for publication. Thus it was that one of the landmark works of modern literary criticism began life as an undergraduate essay by someone who was only in his first year of studying English. When *Seven Types* was published, Empson was just 24.

Upon graduating in 1929, Empson was elected to a junior fellowship at Magdalene College and looked set for an orthodox academic career. But that summer a member of the college staff discovered condoms in Empson's room. The conventional, and largely elderly, fellows panicked; Empson's fellowship was rescinded and he was ordered to leave Cambridge. The scandal plunged him into several years of a hand-to-mouth existence that may, indirectly, have enriched his thinking more than the predictable routines of an established academic post would have done. Periods as a freelance reviewer in London punctuated longer spells teaching, first in Japan and then, from 1937 to 1939, in China, where he endured considerable physical hardship and some danger as he shared in his colleagues' retreat in the face of the Japanese invasion. He returned to Britain in 1940, convinced of the need to do his bit in resisting Hitler. He spent some six years working for the BBC, mainly broadcasting to the Far East: During this time he wrote practically no criticism, cheerfully accepting that his talents should be directed toward making a modest contribution to a great cause.

In 1947, by then married and with two children, he returned to a British Council–sponsored teaching post in Peking, where he took a sympathetic view of the early years of Communist revolution (his own politics were always of a firmly social-democratic kind, though Hetta, his South African–born wife, was for a while a member of the party). But the conditions required for the independent, disinterested teaching of English literature began to decline sharply in 1950, and in 1952 Empson finally resigned his teaching post and returned to Britain, becoming a professor of English at Sheffield University the following year. This would not have been regarded as one of the plum appointments within British academic life, but he desperately needed a regular income to provide for his family, and it pleased him to be teaching in his native Yorkshire. He had an unconventional way of being a professor, as he did of being a husband, father and everything else; but he did the things that mattered well enough and stayed in this post until his retirement in 1971. His career included several spells teaching at American universities, including the Kenyon summer school of criti-

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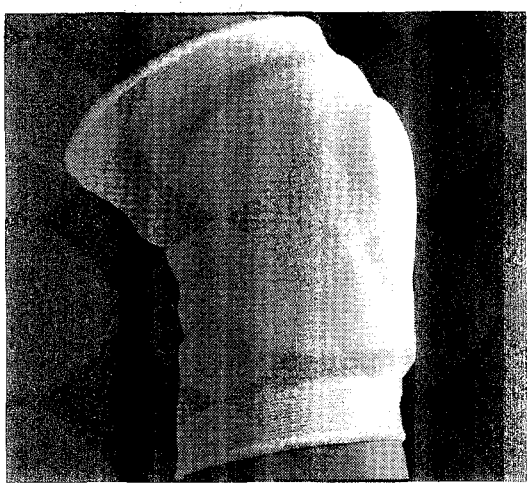

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cism in its heyday. Writing from Kenyon in 1950 he joked: "My position here really seems to me very dramatic; there can be few other people in the world who are receiving pay simultaneously and without secrecy from the Chinese Communists, the British Socialists, and the capitalist Rockefeller machine. Practically a little friend of all the world."

Toward the end of the second volume of Haffenden's huge biography, there are several extended descriptions, poignant veering toward dispiriting, of the increasingly frail Empson holed up in uncongenial quarters (and uncongenial isolation—he was a natural party animal) in various American universities as he tried to supplement his inadequate pension. It is hard not to feel a frustrating sense of waste about these episodes: Empson was by now one of the imperishable names in the canon of great critics, yet he spent several deeply unrewarding semesters dragging unwilling undergraduates through their five-finger exercises in English literary history, neglected by local scholars, drinking too much (as usual), lonely. Even here it is his indomitable and mostly uncomplaining cheerfulness that comes through, a kind of sunny resolution that was of a piece with the courage he had shown in the face of larger challenges. He was, by any measure, a singular man, yet one who did not protest too much when his later years dealt him more than his share of unrewarding labor and commonplace tedium.

John Haffenden's labors, though presumably more rewarding, have been on a heroic scale, even by the standards of devoted biographers, since he embarked on this task a quarter of a century ago. Along the way he has edited volumes of occasional or unfinished writings by Empson, as well as a meticulously annotated *Complete Poems* in 2000 and a wonderfully usable *Selected Letters* in 2006. Now finally the biography has seen the light of day in all its amplitude. It is a quite magnificent work, far outstripping the conventional kind of literary biography so beloved of commercial publishers, those unanalytical narratives of daily trivia and sexual gossip whose chief function sometimes seems to be the indulgence of readers' nostalgic fantasies of belonging to a past social elite. Haffenden's research trips have constituted an Empsonian odyssey in themselves, extending across China and Japan as well as Britain and the United States, and his wide scholarly reading has allowed him to reconstruct his subject's milieus in fascinating detail, including absorbing accounts of Cambridge in the 1920s, the BBC during World War II, Peking during the Communist revolution of the late 1940s and so on. In addition, these volumes, unlike those that only clumsily mine their subject's books for biographical material, are exceptionally perceptive and illuminating about Empson's writing and thinking.

If this biography has a fault, it lies in its very amplitude: It is simply too long. Haffenden has been a little self-indulgent in allowing himself to include too much information about, for instance, the remoter reaches of the family background (by which he is clearly charmed) and the minutiae of departmental life in Sheffield (where he has spent most of his own academic career). But this is a venial failing, forgivable in a biographer who has devoted a quarter of a century's labor to such a remarkable figure.

One of the most valuable things this biography helps us to do is to identify the ethical drive at the heart of Empson's criticism. He could be wonderfully scornful of the deformations of scholasticism in the study of literature, "the vast facade of imbecility" created by theories that interposed barriers between reader and work. He may have been over-optimistic to think that his always learned and often elaborate works were actually going to be read by that "ordinary tolerably informed reader" whom he professed to address, but it was an ideal that saved him from the more hermetic excesses of professionalism. And this in turn underwrote literature's educative power: "The central function of imaginative literature is to make you realize that other people act on moral convictions different from your own."

In terms of imaginative sympathy, Empson was a "globalist" *avant la lettre*. He was, for example, far more knowledgeable about and sympathetic to both Buddhism and Confucianism than most Westerners of his generation, and this "world-mindedness," as he called it, helped to make him much more quizzical about those Christian beliefs and symbols that were so easily taken for granted even by nonbelievers. After his return to England in 1952, he became somewhat obsessed with the influence of "the neo-Christians" among literary critics, and he embarked on a long and outspoken campaign to make readers alert to the ethically appalling nature of many Christian tenets (something that may cause greater difficulties for Empson's reputation in the contemporary United States than in more secular

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Britain). He took every opportunity to denounce the savagery and sheer horribleness of ostensibly familiar biblical teachings such as "the doctrine that God is a sadist who could be bought off torturing all mankind by having his son tortured to death." *Milton's God* is on one level an interpretation of *Paradise Lost*, but on another it is a sustained polemic against the humanly disfiguring consequences of the central teachings of Christianity about atonement, redemption and damnation.

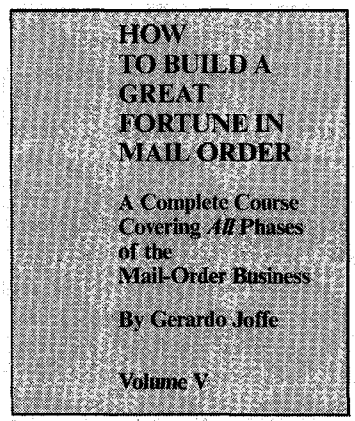
Although *The Structure of Complex Words*, his most forbidding and unshapely book, bristles with formulas and other bits of homemade quasi-scientific machinery, Empson was not primarily a theorist, and it is a mistake to try to locate his significance in systematic or abstract terms. His critical *practice* is what matters above all else, a practice conducted in the light of what Haffenden nicely terms "his belief that language is always answerable to intelligence." And, going further, the tone in which he conducted that criticism is what constitutes the chief glory of his writing. Empson never lost either his patrician briskness nor his intellectual assurance, but he seasoned the mix with a genuine cosmopolitanism and an openness to social experience that disregarded the usual boundaries of class and nation. The residue of this extended education in human sympathy is present in the calmly decisive way his writing from time to time delimits the importance of the intricate details of literary interpretation that are its main business.

A particularly memorable instance of this occurs in *Some Versions of Pastoral* when he observes that the ideas he is discussing are compatible with socialism but not with "a rigid proletarian aesthetic." He goes on:

> They [the ideas of pastoral] assume that it is sometimes a good thing to stand apart from your society so far as you can. They assume that some people are more delicate and complex than others, and that if such people can keep this distinction from doing harm it is a good thing, though a small thing by comparison with our common humanity.

The declarative simplicity of these sentences gives them a kind of moral grandeur, an effect enhanced by the confidently grounded sense of proportion expressed in the final clause.

This accepting spaciousness of view is what gives so much of his writing its force. "In pastoral you take a limited life and pretend it is the full and normal one,



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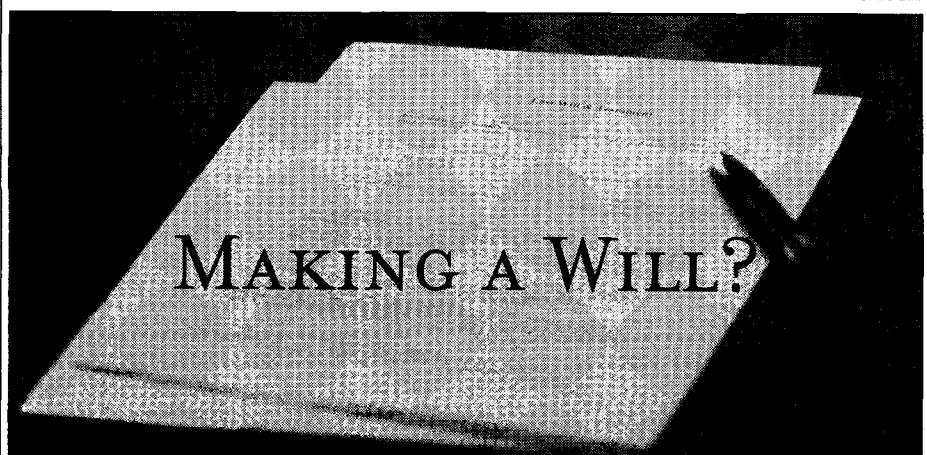

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and a suggestion that one must do this with all life, because the normal is itself limited, is easily put into the trick though not necessary to its power." It is important not to be distracted by the quasi-demotic of "trick" here: Empson is not belittling or rug-pulling. We "pretend" in this way, but that is not a bad thing to do: It makes life livable, enables us to cope with its inevitable limitedness. There is a subterranean affinity here with the refrain from "Aubade," one of his most frequently anthologized poems: "The heart of standing is you cannot fly." (As Paul Alpers, one of the best commentators on Empson, has put it: "The strength of knowing how we stand is at the heart of the greatness of *Some Versions of Pastoral*.") One further passage from that book is representative in both its brevity and its pregnancy: "The feeling that life is essentially inadequate to the human spirit, and yet that a good life must avoid saying so, is naturally at home with most versions of pastoral." By this point, the connection with a particular literary genre comes to seem almost incidental; Empson has brought us to realize that pastoral is not fundamentally a matter of swains and shepherds but rather of obtaining a steadying, encompassing perspective on life. Yet that perspective is not complacent or inert; it allows room for "the feeling that life is essentially inadequate to the human spirit" while at the same time registering the potential destructiveness of dwelling on that insight. But the insight remains, inducing both a sense of modesty or even humility and a sense of soaring, untrammeled potential.

I'm not so sure that Empson "invented" anything. The 1920s and '30s saw important changes in the ways that category of sophisticated readers we term "literary critics" attempted to make their interpretations persuasive. Eliot, Richards, Robert Graves and Laura Riding, John Crowe Ransom and his followers—all played their parts in these changes alongside Empson, and there is no easy way to disentangle his particular influence on subsequent critical practice. But perhaps no other critic displayed Empson's sustained alertness and fertility as a reader, especially of poetry, and certainly no other critic wrote with his dazzling mixture of sensibility, analysis, argument and wit, though it may be that the ethical force of his writing, that steady solidarity with the core experience of being human, is still underrated or misperceived, partially hidden by the smoke from the firework display.

John Haffenden's remarkable biography now enables us to reconstruct the core experience of being Empson. His strangeness and eccentricity come through strongly; the unnerving mix of his remoteness from, yet centrality to, our contemporary concerns and values is made vividly present; and the social and intellectual world in which he moved and had his being is reconstructed in loving detail. But the qualities that seem to me to stand out, though Haffenden is too accomplished a biographer to parade them in the abstract, are Empson's courage, generosity of spirit and—what may seem an implausible thing to say about a figure of such marked originality and at times willful abrasiveness—lack of egotism. Finally, although it may seem either an obvious or, worse, a patronizing judgment, what leaps from the page throughout these long volumes is Empson's peculiarly pure, independent intelligence. The term "literary criticism" has at different times been used to refer to a cluster of endeavors that are variously attendant upon the act of reading, but Empson may have been more incisively and sustainedly intelligent about individual works of poetry and drama than *any* of the other contributors to the incomparably rich corpus that makes up "modern literary criticism in English." It is no small claim. ■

The Book of Questions

WILLIAM DERESIEWICZ

THE CURTAIN: An Essay in Seven Parts.
By Milan Kundera. HarperCollins. 168 pp. $22.95.

I was talking books with a group of students at a campus gathering the other week when one of them, eyes shining with enthusiasm, broke in. "Have you ever heard of a book called *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*?" he asked. What I love about this story is not just that 20-year-olds are still reading Kundera's most famous novel, as I did when I was their age, but that the experience of doing so is still such a vital event that, like young lovers (or like me, when I first read it), they think they're the first people it's ever happened to. Kundera is no longer the literary presence he was twenty years ago, but the work he did then still feels to people like it was written yesterday.

So what has he done in the past twenty years? *Immortality* (1990), the novel that followed *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, has turned out to be his last full-length work and the last one written in Czech. Since then, he has published three novellas and, with *The Curtain*, three short works of nonfiction. All five volumes were written in French, as was his first collection of essays, *The Art of the Novel* (1986). Kundera turns 78 this year, and it's no wonder he's slowed down. Still, it's hard not to notice that his shift from Czech to French, and from long, ambitious fictions to much slimmer works, coincided with the fall of Communism. Although Kundera rightly rejects the notion that he's a political writer, he did his best work after his immigration to France in 1975. As with so many twentieth-century writers, the tensions of exile seem to have tuned his imagination to its highest pitch. Unlike most others, he lived past the century's symbolic end in 1989, and the removal of the condition of exile—not the fact of not being at home but the fact of not being able to be—seems to have slackened it.

If history did indeed have this impact on Kundera's career, it would be fitting, since history is his key term for understanding the novel. *The Curtain* is an extended essay on the novel, and it begins with a brisk and idiosyncratic history of the form. Cervantes first tore open "the curtain that hides life's prose," "the curtain of preinterpretation": of ideology, inherited beliefs, false grandeur—everything we use to blind ourselves to the real texture, and real beauty, of everyday experience. *Tristram Shandy*, Laurence Sterne's late-eighteenth-century comic masterpiece, went further, dethroning the tyranny of story, of dramatic action, to assert the value of the ephemeral and insignificant. Balzac introduced History itself—the sense of inexorable change—and as a compensatory gesture, description in its fullest form, the minute recording of appearances as a way of saving them from

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their imminent dissolution. Dostoyevsky gave the novel an unprecedented density, packing his scenes with a thickness of event and coincidence that achieves a beauty transcending the prosaic nature of ordinary life. Flaubert, by contrast, insisted on detheatricalizing the novel, revealing not just the humble or insignificant dimensions of daily existence but its boredom, stupidity and pointlessness. Finally, Tolstoy contrived to keep Anna Karenina's suicide an enigma—for our deepest motives, he believed, are a mystery.

WORDS

words have been used up
chewed up like gum
by lovely young mouths
have been turned into white
balloons bubbles

diminished by politicians
they're used for whitening
teeth
and for the rinsing out
of mouths

in my childhood
words could be
applied to a wound
could be given
to the one you loved

now
diminished
wrapped in newspaper
they still contaminate still reek
they still hurt

hidden in heads
hidden in hearts
hidden under the gowns
of young women
hidden in holy books
they burst out
they kill

Tadeusz Różewicz
(translated from the Polish
by Bill Johnston)

Kundera's purpose is not just to lay out his sense of the novel's historical possibilities but to show that it has a history, and that its history is very different from History in the larger sense. The first section of the book is cleverly arranged; it begins with a story about Kundera's father identifying a musical passage as late Beethoven from its inclusion of a harmonic shift the young composer would never have used, and it ends with another Czech story, this one about how a certain incident from post-Communist life resembles, "word for word," the plot of Balzac's *Père Goriot*. History repeats itself, but the history of art does not, must not. History forgets itself in an endless procession of ups and downs, but the history of art is always self-aware and must always remain so. The novel, like every other art, is a permanent set of possibilities that the history of the form discovers one after another, all of them remaining available as reference points for future practitioners. In a riposte to Marxism's historical determinism, Kundera asserts that the history of art is independent from political and economic history, for art, he implies, is the realm of autonomy—of discovery, possibility, choice—the one sphere in which human beings can assert their freedom from History.

But the novel isn't just free of History; it is also, in Kundera's conception, our key instrument for thinking about History. Yet even the way it has done so has a history. From Balzac to Proust, the novel sought to record History: to render as faithful an account as possible of the social and psychological texture of the times. But World War I changed History itself by bringing to an end Europe's long century of peace, which made such contemplation possible. Suddenly History becomes a nightmare or, as *The Art of the Novel* calls it, a "monster": "uncontrollable, incalculable, incomprehensible—and...inescapable." Now comes the time of Kundera's personal pantheon, the great Central European novelists who flourished between the wars: Franz Kafka; Robert Musil, author of *The Man Without Qualities*; Hermann Broch, author of *The Sleepwalkers*; Jaroslav Hasek, author of *The Good Soldier Schweik*; and Witold Gombrowicz, author of *Ferdydurke*. Abandoning Balzacian verisimilitude, they seek to portray the existential dilemmas that modern history thrusts on the individual. Because they see these dilemmas as universal, belonging to all people equally rather than particular people in their specific social roles, they no longer concern themselves with psychological exploration or sociological fidelity. And because reality has become irrational, they no longer even necessarily worry about plausibility. Theirs is often the realm of fantasy, humor and satire. Yet at the same time, they combat the irrationality of modern existence—anomie, bureaucracy, war, the disintegration of traditional values, the rage for the new—by introducing a new element into their fiction: analytic or aphoristic asides in which the author steps back from the situation he is narrating to meditate on its significance.

It's not hard to understand the importance these Central European writers have for Kundera. First of all, they give him an alternative identity to the one the cold war foisted on him and his country. "Central Europe" stands against "Eastern Europe": Catholic, not Orthodox; liberal, not Communist; enlightened, not barbaric; facing Germany and the West, not Russia and the East. But as he suggests here, a regional identity like Central Europe also stands against the two poles of conventional literary history: on the one hand, *Weltliteratur*, Goethe's concept of world literature; on the other, the literatures of each individual nation. Kundera is wrong that Goethe's idea of studying literary works in a transnational context never got off the ground. It's called comparative literature, and it flourishes in the academy. But he's wrong for the right reason. Comparative literature tends to favor what Kundera calls "large nations" and languages (English, French, Spanish, German, Russian) at the expense of "small" ones (Czech, Polish, Swedish, Yiddish, Icelandic). As for the small nations, they have their own provincialism, which, driven by cultural insecurity, seeks to enlist native artists in the holy task of nation-building. To a writer from a place like Bohemia (as Kundera identifies his native land), the large nations say, "You're not good enough for us," and the small ones say, "Do you think you're better than we are?" But a regional grouping like Central Europe (or Scandinavia, or Latin America) reveals affinities across national and linguistic lines while holding at bay the dominance of the great cultural powers. Kundera's pantheon includes two Austrians, a Pole, a Czech writing in German and a Czech writing in Czech.

These writers also constitute his model of novelistic practice. The most noteworthy feature of Kundera's fiction—much praised, much criticized—is precisely his interweaving of narrative and reflection. *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* begins with three pages on Nietzsche's idea of eternal return before turning to the story

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of Tomas and Tereza. But as Kundera says here in his defense of "thinking novels," novelistic thought "does not proclaim truths; it questions, it marvels, it plumbs; its form is highly diverse: metaphoric, ironic, hypothetic, hyperbolic, aphoristic, droll, provocative, fanciful."

Indeed, the characteristic rhetorical feature of Kundera's novelistic meditations is the question, and we might say that his novels as a whole are written in an interrogative mode, as investigations into the kinds of existential dilemmas he finds in his Central European predecessors. They are also written, like those of his heroes, in a spirit of laughter and play (for as Kundera likes to remind us, even Kafka laughed at what he wrote, though of his dark humor we have discarded the humor and kept only the darkness). It is no accident that one of Kundera's books is called *The Joke*, a second *Laughable Loves* and a third *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting*, or that "levity" is a synonym for "lightness." But humor signifies more for Kundera than just mirth. It is, he says, a distinctly modern attitude, one in which all beliefs are relativized, all fixed ideas called into question, all self-importance deflated by exposure to competing perspectives. Here as throughout his career, the novel is the great enemy of the romantic or lyrical spirit: of emotionalism and idealism and the egotistic self-absorption from which they proceed. For Kundera, lyric poetry is the genre of youthful naïveté and thus of susceptibility to totalitarian enthusiasm; the novel, the genre of maturity: of irony, disillusionment, sophistication and analytic detachment.

In this, too, he is the heir of the Central Europeans, for two reasons. First, he says, the Modernist revolt in Central Europe was very different from what it was in his adopted country of France. French Modernism, in the wake of eighteenth-century classicism and rationalism and the novel's nineteenth-century heyday, turned to romanticism and poetry. Central European Modernism, in the wake of "an especially ecstatic strain of baroque art" and then "the moralizing idyllicism of Biedermeier" and the region's great Romantic poetry, turned to rationalism and the novel. (In this, as Kundera discusses in some of the book's most interesting sections, it reveals unsuspected affinities with the postwar Latin American and Caribbean traditions.) Second, he implies, the very situation of the "small nations" gives them a "humorous" perspective denied to their big, blundering brothers. Hasek's great antihero, Kundera says, is a deserter: not literally, because Schweik pretends to go off to World War I with parodic good cheer, but morally, because of his "total indifference toward the great collective conflict." He refuses to take it seriously, "to grant meaning to the battles of his contemporaries," "to see a tragic grandeur in massacres." If Schweik is a deserter, then so is Hasek, and Kundera, and all the small nations eternally conscripted into the wars of the great powers, dragged behind on the road to nowhere. It's the kind of situation that makes you die laughing.

In the work of the Central Europeans, Kundera has said elsewhere, the history of the novel comes full circle, back to the all-dissolving laughter of Cervantes and Sterne. But here he foresees the end of that history: of the European arts, of the age of innovation, skepticism, individualism and the consciousness of artistic continuity. By the close of the essay, its title has acquired a new cast. This sense of cultural doom is not new; Kundera has always raged, often brilliantly, against the superficiality and conformism of contemporary life. But it's still a very narrow view. As he shows in his appreciation of New World developments, art in Europe may be exhausted, but the European artistic traditions remain vital. He is also more ignorant than he has a right to be, if he's going to make pronouncements about the contemporary state of cultural memory, of developments within the academy. He says, for example, that novels are too long to be read properly, since images evoked at the beginning will be forgotten by the time a reader gets to the end; in *Testaments Betrayed* he argued that the only proper way to read a novel is to reread it, only nobody does that anymore. Well, academics do it, and if they're worth anything they teach their students to do likewise. I'm the last person to expect Kundera to immerse himself in academic criticism, but he isn't entitled to pretend it doesn't exist. Most of it is pretty bad, but that doesn't give him a license to ignore the good stuff, and even in the academy, even today, there's some very good stuff.

What's coming to an end, devolving into repetition, is not the novel, but what Kundera has to say about the novel. It gives me no pleasure to point this out, but there is very little here he hasn't said before and said better, most of it in *The Art of the Novel*, some of it in *Testaments Betrayed*, his other book-length essay. *The Curtain* is certainly well worth reading for anyone who doesn't know those other works. It is witty and brisk and very smart, like all of his writing. But it falls far short of *The Art of the Novel*, not only because he has so little new to say but because the earlier

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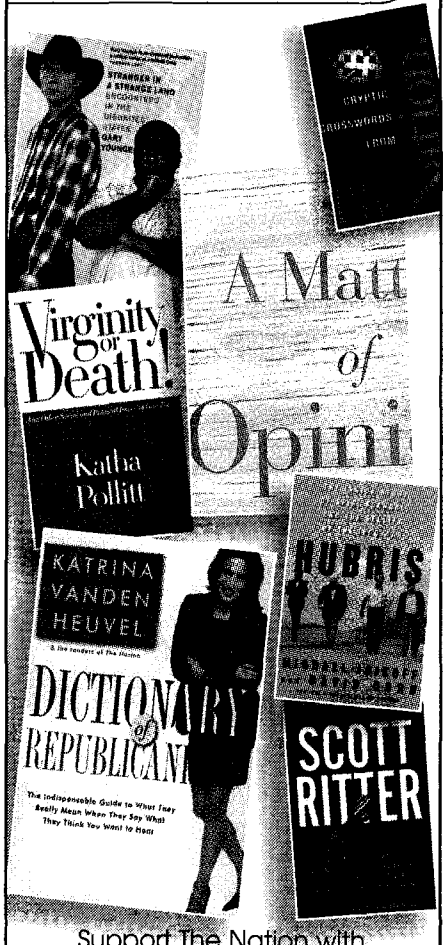

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work was produced in the full flush of his novelistic career. In it he discusses his own artistic practice in detail: his compositional principles, his key words, his historical ideas as they emerged hot from his hands. But here he makes no reference to his own work and ignores the issues the last twenty years of his career naturally raise: What is the difference between writing in an adopted language and writing in a native one, and in French rather than Czech? What is the difference between constructing a novel and a novella? How does creation change in old age? (He speaks here of the "vesperal freedom" that comes to artists like Beethoven and Picasso in their last years, but what about him?) Finally, how did the fall of Communism present him with a new set of existential dilemmas, and how did it reshape his art? Kundera still means a great deal to a lot of readers; it's too bad he's decided to retreat behind the curtain. ■

Lines of Resistance

JOHN PALATTELLA

"How many times will it be over, father?" a Palestinian boy asks in Mahmoud Darwish's recent collection of poems, *Why Did You Leave the Horse Alone?* The boy poses the question after learning about the end of the Arab-Israeli war in 1949, but one wonders whether Darwish was asking himself the same question when he finished the book in the early 1990s, a period that was an especially turbulent one in the life of the writer long considered to be the Palestinian national poet. In 1993 Darwish resigned from the executive committee of the Palestine Liberation Organization to protest the signing of the Oslo accords, which he rejected because they had failed to secure from Israel a clear commitment to withdraw from the occupied territories. It was those very accords, however, that established an autonomous Palestinian Authority, thereby enabling Darwish to settle in the West Bank town of Ramallah in 1996 after spending twenty-six years in exile. But even though Darwish was back in Palestine, his life was still an odyssey. He could not move to, or visit, his native village of Birweh, in Galilee, because it was among the more than 400 Palestinian towns occupied and razed by Israeli forces during the war and incorporated into the new Jewish state.

Darwish's return to Palestine also brought with it new forms of confinement. While he was living in Haifa as an "internal refugee," or a Palestinian citizen of Israel, in the late 1960s, Israeli military authorities routinely arrested him each time he published a collection of poems; between spells of imprisonment they placed him under house arrest. In the 1990s, however, Darwish's jailers were not the Israeli military authorities but rather readers who reduced his poetry to a running commentary on the Palestinian national cause. "In my recent works, I have consciously and rigorously checked myself to prevent the reader from continuing to read me according to his habits," Darwish explained in 1993 in an interview with Syrian literary critic Subhi Hadidi. By that time, Darwish had ceased writing overtly political poems modeled on the work of Pablo Neruda and Louis Aragon; his work had become introspective and mythical, and was stirred by a metaphysical hunger. Nevertheless, he told Hadidi, "it's a losing effort since I have found myself yet again the prisoner of a political reading." Similarly, in an interview in 1996 with a trio of Palestinian writers in Ramallah, Darwish stressed that he had tried repeatedly to demolish the myth of his poetry's political relevance "because to inhabit the myth is like living in a prison, denied of any sudden flowering, of any intellectual enrichment." Although the prison Darwish describes is metaphorical, the constriction of liberties he experiences when he senses the cell doors clanking shut is jarring and real.

To hear Darwish push back against the pressure of political relevance is no less jarring an experience because his remarks appear to contradict the oft-invoked idea of him as a "poet of resistance." This phrase has shadowed him like a Homeric epithet, especially when his work is discussed in the United States, a country where poets have rarely experienced the kind of acclaim he has enjoyed for four decades. Thousands of people have been known to attend Darwish readings in the Middle East, and although the poet is always grateful for such enthusiasm he remains exasperated by what sometimes feeds it, "this obsession to always want to serve the cause by the way of poetry," which, as he told Hadidi, "is useless. It serves neither poetry nor the Palestinian cause."

No less intriguing than this position is Darwish's manner of defending it, which echoes the youthful militant poems that first earned him the reputation of being a poet of resistance. The early poems ring with calls for defiance of Israeli efforts to uproot Palestinians from their land; Darwish's opposition to the pressure of political relevance, which is a defense against being dispossessed of private imaginative terrain, strikes the same heroic note. Even when confronting his readers, Darwish cannot help but behave as a poet of resistance, a writer who defines himself, and finds himself somewhat confined, by rhetorical acts of defiance.

This predicament isn't Darwish's alone. In 1967, on the first day of the Six-Day War, the poet Samih al-Qasim, an Israeli Arab and a member of the Israeli Communist Party, was arrested by Israeli forces and sent to Haifa's Al Damoun prison. The experience shook al-Qasim to

BOOKS DISCUSSED IN THIS ESSAY

WHY DID YOU LEAVE THE HORSE ALONE?
By Mahmoud Darwish.
Translated by Jeffrey Sacks.
Archipelago. 197 pp. $18.

LA PALESTINE COMME MÉTAPHORE: Entretiens.
By Mahmoud Darwish.
Translated by Elias Sanbar and Simone Bitton. Actes Sud. 189 pp. €17.

UNFORTUNATELY, IT WAS PARADISE: Selected Poems.
By Mahmoud Darwish. Translated by Munir Akash and Carolyn Forché.
California. 191 pp. $16.95.

SADDER THAN WATER: New and Selected Poems.
By Samih al-Qasim.
Translated by Nazih Kassis.
Ibis. 179 pp. $15.95.

NEVER MIND: Twenty Poems and a Story.
By Taha Muhammed Ali.
Translated by Peter Cole, Yahya Hijazi and Gabriel Levin. Ibis. 127 pp. $11.95.

SO WHAT: New and Selected Poems, 1971–2005.
By Taha Muhammed Ali.
Translated by Peter Cole, Yahya Hijazi and Gabriel Levin.
Copper Canyon. 197 pp. $18.

John Palattella is The Nation*'s poetry editor.*

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the core. "In prison I discovered—when the Israelis were declaring, 'Sharm el-Sheikh is in our hands, Jerusalem is in our hands'—that I had to make one of two choices," al-Qasim told British journalist Roger Hardy in 1982: "either to find a cave in the mountains, isolated from mankind, or to find a higher stage in the struggle. I lost my belief in nationalistic big words." Al-Qasim had to extricate himself from nationalism's fastened-down ideological positions while also trying to remain *samid*, or steadfast, a phrase coined by Palestinians to describe someone who remains attached to his or her land and culture despite imposing obstacles. The thirty-two poems collected in *Sadder Than Water*, the first collection of al-Qasim's poems to be published in an English-language translation, suggest that the task has been arduous. Although al-Qasim has managed to escape from the prison of nationalism—"beware the rights of rhetoric dancing on blood," he warns in the volume's title poem—remaining *samid* has landed him in an open-air cell of sadness, melancholy and absurdity, one from which there appears to be no way out. As the escape artist of "The Tragedy of Houdini the Miraculous" explains, "And here's the knottiest problem of all:/ Entry or exit?"

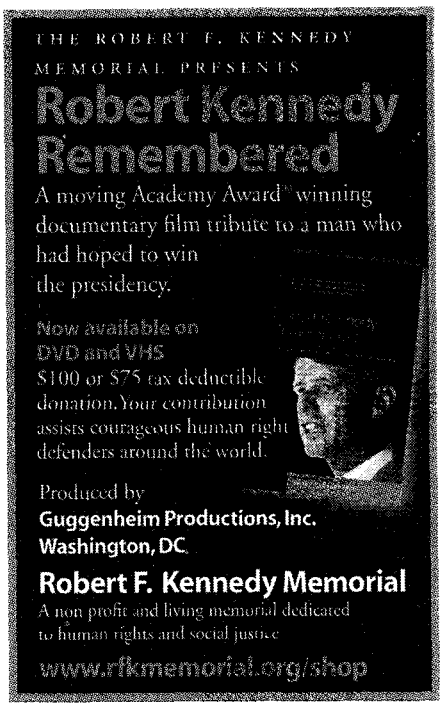
Samih al-Qasim was born in 1939 in Zarqa, a city in the British Mandate of Palestine, where his father was stationed as an officer in the British-sponsored Arab Legion. Members of the Druse sect, the al-Qasim clan had lived for centuries in Rama, a village in northern Palestine to which the infant Samih and his family returned at the outbreak of World War II. Rama was occupied by Israeli soldiers during the Arab-Israeli war; the al-Qasims remained in the village but lived under the Emergency Regulations, which restricted the movement of Palestinian citizens within the new Jewish state until 1966. Despite those regulations, al-Qasim and Darwish, who'd become close friends, traveled around the country during the late 1950s and read their work at poetry festivals in rural Arab villages. According to the late novelist Ghassan Kanafani, a poem of al-Qasim's about the massacre of forty-eight Palestinian villagers by Israeli border guards in the town of Kafr Qasim in October 1956 was "memorized throughout the whole Galilee."

Al-Qasim, in fact, wrote several poems about Kafr Qasim, one of which is included in *Sadder Than Water*. It begins, "There is no monument, no rose, no memorial—/ neither a line of poetry to delight the murdered/Nor any curtain for the unveiling." The diction of these lines is characteristic of many poems in the volume. It is bardic and ceremonial, addressed to a public event and determined to maintain an air of rhetorical grandeur. Occasionally al-Qasim's sense of grandeur is inadvertently comic, as in "He Whispered Before He Took His Final Breaths." Thick with imperatives and exclamations—"Don't honor me with a monument/and song!... Do not pay your last respects/with laurel and a royal display!"—the poem has the ring of amplified petitions rather than whispered requests. Still, the experiences of indignity, humiliation, privation and misrepresentation evoked in "He Whispered Before He Took His Final Breaths" are the recurring subjects of *Sadder Than Water*, and al-Qasim explores them fruitfully when he treats them ironically, as in "Sadness" ("Sadness laughed at my joy/ in Disneyland—/scolding me/as all the people looked at me!") and "End of a Talk With a Jailer":

> From the narrow window of my small cell,
> I see trees that are smiling at me
> and rooftops crowded with my family.
> And windows weeping and praying for me.
> From the narrow window of my small cell—
> I can see your big cell!

Equally striking are the poems in which al-Qasim forgoes irony and struggles directly with the paralysis induced by acute existential bewilderment. In "The Ugliest of Words," the speaker is baffled by a flurry of questions about a plot of land that is perhaps a symbol of Palestine itself: "What should I do with the narcissus?/The apricot?/The crowns of rugged trees?/What should I do with the finest/of my wildflowers? What?"

What's most notable about "The Ugliest of Words" is its mode of address: Al-Qasim's signature declarations, imperatives and exclamations have been replaced by questions, his bardic voice supplanted by an unremittingly introspective and agitated "I." In "Sadder Than Water," written in 2001, this style flowers furiously into a bittersweet and melancholy song. The poem is a meditation on how successive experiences of removal have made attachment to place seem more perilous and more necessary—and continually baffling. "Sadder than water,/in death's wonder/ you've distanced yourself from this land," al-Qasim begins, yet counters in the next breath, "You distanced yourself from yourself./So that you might remain/on the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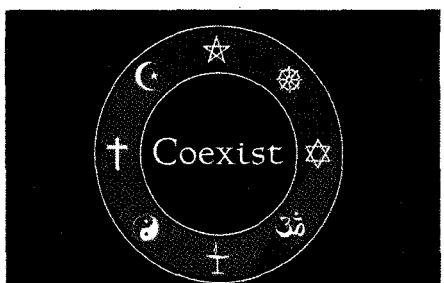

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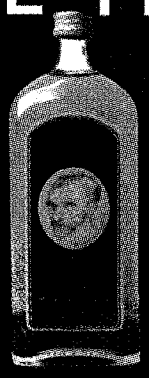

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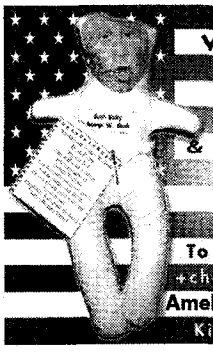

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land." Al-Qasim then proceeds to catalogue in twenty-seven sections disparate episodes of dispossession, abandonment and devastation.

The catalogue takes the form of what al-Qasim calls a *sarbiyya*—an impressionistic collection of shifts in tone, perspective and mood. As Adina Hoffman notes in her superb introduction to *Sadder Than Water*, *sarbiyya* is derived from the word *sarb*, which means "flock"; a *sarbiyya* shifts suddenly like flocks of birds in flight, and in "Sadder Than Water" the shifts gather momentum from the poem's incantatory music. Al-Qasim uses a short line often scored with anaphora and end-stops, meaning that successive lines begin with the same word or phrase and end with punctuation or a rhythmical pause. He amplifies and modulates this music by concluding many of the poem's sections with a short refrain built around the spooky phrase "sadder than water": "And you—sadder than ants,/sadder than darkness,/sadder than sadness and water"; "You fold and fall,/strange and sad—/sadder than water."

"The earth is a feast for losers (and we are among them)./We are left in place as the echo of an epic hymn," Darwish wrote several years ago in the long poem "Mural." "Sadder Than Water" is also a history of the lost and the dispossessed, but al-Qasim's voice, unlike Darwish's, is not inclined to utter grand aphorisms about it. "To your own exhausted toothbrush/you disclose the secrets of your utter aloneness./And with your comb you scribble on sheets of vapor," al-Qasim writes. This voice may be sure of itself, but it is uncertain of much else. In "Sadder Than Water" al-Qasim takes up a task that has preoccupied many modern poets: to survey the wreckage and carnage of recent history piled up at his feet. But unlike his younger self, al-Qasim refrains from presenting his voice as the unimpeachable conscience of a wrecked world. The reason is that he has been abandoned by the world—"no ark comes to save you/no olive branch is here in the orbit,"—and jostled by competing demands: "Your face wants you to be: a light./Your soul wants you to be: a night./The roses want you to be: pollen./The cave wants you to be: a friend." In the face of such confusion, all al-Qasim has left is a diminished voice, one that shares secrets with a spent toothbrush. As the incantatory music quickens, he manages to rally himself at the end of the poem, yet even his newfound strength seems fragile: "No. Don't believe what the stories say, or the legends.../You were born to remain in the land,/but to remain in it slain/and sad—sadder than sadness." Remaining steadfast, it seems, means staying attached to a place that holds nothing but pathos—a sadness deeper than sadness.

During the late 1950s, when al-Qasim and Darwish were electrifying audiences with their festival poetry, the poet Taha Muhammed Ali was living in the old quarter of Nazareth and running a tiny souvenir shop that catered to Christian tourists. (When he was 18 Ali and his family had moved to Nazareth after a brief stay in Lebanon, to which they had fled after their native village of Saffuriyya, a few miles from Nazareth, was leveled by Israeli artillery in the 1948 war.) Ali, in fact, had not yet written any poems; he was a writer of short stories who liked to spend his evenings studying classical Arabic texts and reading American fiction and English Romantic poets. Ali took up poetry in the early '70s, and when his work began appearing in Arabic periodicals, it was clear that more than his days as a shopkeeper distinguished him from his peers. Whereas Darwish and al-Qasim, like most Palestinian poets, have favored the elevated and ornate rhetoric of *fus'ha*, or classical Arabic, Ali writes nonmetrical, unrhymed poems that blend classical *fus'ha* with colloquial Arabic.

Another difference is Ali's examination of the heroic mode prevalent in Palestinian poetry. In "Abd el-Hadi Fights a Superpower," the opening poem in *So What*, we learn that were Abd el-Hadi "to encounter/the entire crew/of the aircraft carrier *Enterprise*,/he'd serve them eggs/sunny-side up/and labneh/fresh from the bag." One of Ali's translators, Gabriel Levin, notes in the introduction to *So What* that Ali "eschews" the heroic mode. This observation is true, but it doesn't really convey how Ali, instead of simply shunning the heroic, backpedals away from it with guarded humor—fried eggs and soft cheese.

Levin and his co-translators, Peter Cole and Yahya Hijazi, were right to choose "Abd el-Hadi Fights a Superpower" to open both this volume and the earlier and smaller edition of twenty poems, *Never Mind*, on which it is based because the poem quickly immerses readers in Ali's world, where what appears to be placid can suddenly become disconcerting. The first stanza of the poem begins with a calm introduction to a simple soul, "In his life/he neither wrote nor read"; the second introduces a slight note of dissonance:

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"Nevertheless—his case is hopeless." But in the third stanza the scene turns murky because we learn that the poem's narrator hasn't been discussing a generic "case": "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury:/about his enemies/my client knows not a thing." Without knowing it, we have been listening to the closing argument of a defense attorney, and by the end of the poem much else remains unknown. What are the charges against el-Hadi? How long has he been held? Who is the jury?

Ali himself often sounds like the defense attorney: He is a beguiling storyteller who maintains a tone of credibility and lucidity without diluting the mysterious or distressing aspects of his tale. Here is the entirety of "Balance," one of the fourteen previously untranslated poems included in *So What*: "In 1948/we owned/ a noble bull/with horns/like those of other bulls./And they/had an ordinary tractor/with a chain/like those/of the other tractors!" Ali invokes a pastoral scene lost to the events of 1948. But what does he mean by balance? The parity between "we" and "they," and between the noble bull and the ordinary tractor? Or does he mean the parity between the bull owners, all of whom possess a noble animal, and the tractor owners, all of whom have an ordinary machine? The poem tempts allegory and nostalgia without surrendering to either. Compare Ali's approach to that of Samih al-Qasim, who in "Dialogue Between an Ear of Corn and a Camel's Thorn" writes a straightforward allegory of occupation in which two species native to a region cannot coexist: "Ear of Corn: Don't kill me before my appointment with the living death./ Camel's Thorn: My only profession is killing freely." Al-Qasim and Ali can both be comic poets, but Ali's wit is more vivacious.

Perhaps Ali has cultivated such wit because he isn't restricted by the narrative of the national struggle. His poems aren't like al-Qasim's, wherein various tragically minded Ears of Corn are preyed upon by the likes of a bloodthirsty, unyielding Camel's Thorn. Instead, one encounters fools like Abd el-Hadi and figures like the speaker of "Warning," who is trying to discourage a group of hunters from training their sights on his happiness: "What seems to you/so nimble and fine,/like a fawn,/and flees/every which way,/like a partridge,/isn't happiness./Trust me:/my happiness bears/no relation to happiness." More caustic is "Ambergris," a blistering portrait of how Palestine has become a whore "holding out a hand to the years,/ as it manages a ballroom/on the harbor pier," and who "grumbles about us—/detests us." The symbolism of "Ambergris," which Ali wrote in 1983, brings to mind an exchange between Yasir Arafat and Mahmoud Darwish. Arafat had complained to Darwish that the Palestinians were an "ungrateful people," and Darwish shot back, "Find yourself another people then."

In recent years Darwish's poems have come to sound like "Ambergris," more rueful than heroic, whereas Ali, who now gives readings to enthusiastic crowds abroad but avoids the geopolitical stage, has come to know the kind of acclaim that Darwish first tasted as a teenager. Most days when he is home, Ali can be found in his souvenir shop on Casanova Street, now one of the largest in Nazareth. Visitors say its shelves are crammed with narghiles, olive-wood camels, imitation pearl-studded scabbards and postcards of the nearby Church of the Annunciation. Trinkets being sold by a poet: It's an image fit for a postcard, a picture that's corny and trite—and also antithetical to Ali, who by avoiding commonplace responses to everyday experience has written poems that are fragile and graceful and harsh. ■

EVENTS

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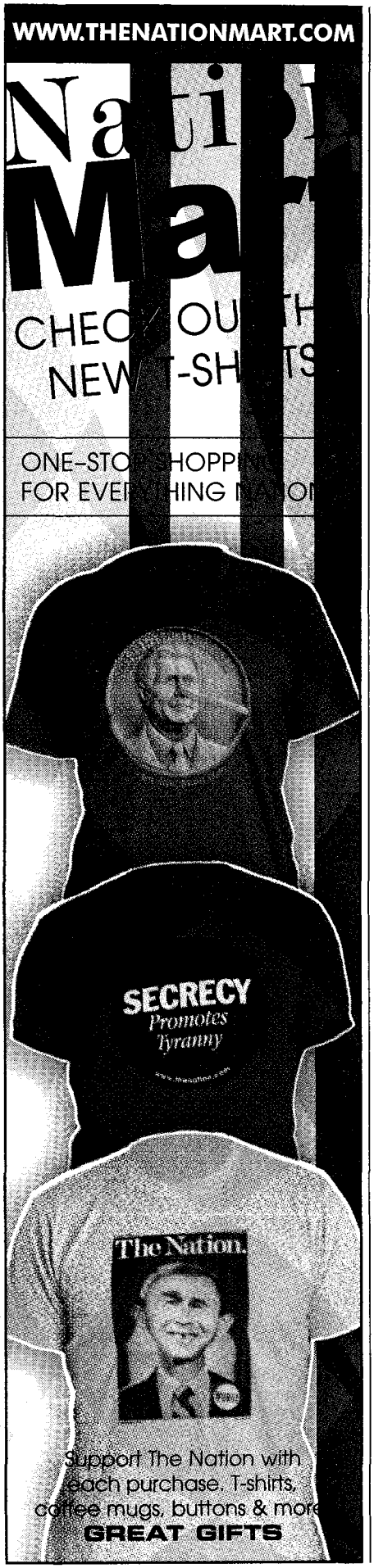

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JOIN THE ATLANTA *Nation* discussion group! Contact John McDonough, (770) 594-8097. jmcdono@bellsouth.net.

HARTFORD DISCUSSION GROUP. They are still meeting on the first Sunday of the month between 2 and 4 PM, but they are now meeting at The Hartford Quaker Meeting House 144 S. Quaker Lane, West Hartford, CT (between Boulevard and Farmington Avenue).

MEMPHIS, TN, *Nation* discussion group forming. E-mail heidikenaga@yahoo.com if you're interested in joining.

RESTON, VA, *Nation* reading group forming. Contact Michael Causey for details. Families welcome! (703) 318-0147.

WASHINGTON, DC, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP going strong for fifth year. Join other *Nation* readers in DC area seeking to understand and change the world on third Saturday of every month at Cleveland Park Public Library from 3 to 5 PM. Coordinator: Bob Griss at (703) 272-7707 or Bgrisscdh@aol.com.

CEDAR FALLS/WATERLOO, IA, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP is forming. Phone Lou Hellwig at (319) 266-5363 or e-mail shellwig@cfu.net for more information.

VALDOSTA, GA, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP. E-mail Matthew, mateodega@hotmail.com.

RICHMOND, VA, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP is forming. Please contact Jerry Gorman if you're interested in joining. (804) 266-7400; e-mail: gorfam@comcast.net.

WILLOW SPRINGS, NC, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP forming. E-mail Mollie Belcher at Mjb1009@msn.com for more information.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP! Contact Jim Hurley, (434) 973-4807.

BREVARD, NC, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP FORMING. E-mail Jim at JKeenen@aol.com or Don at GAIA@citcom.net.

THE *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP of the Inland Northwest is forming in the Cheney/Spokane area of eastern Washington. For information contact Gil Murray. (509) 235-1574; e-mail murraygil@aol.com.

PORTLAND/VANCOUVER *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP meets every second Sunday afternoon of the month. For more information, contact Mark Stephan at (971) 645-9113, e-mail pdxnation@hotmail.com.

ORGANIZATIONS

SOUTH YORK COUNTY, ME, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP is forming. For further information please contact Herb. Call (207) 646-5431, e-mail pala@maine.rr.com.

PITTSBURGH *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP REFORMING under new direction. Please contact us again. Contact (412) 486-4791, or pghnationgroup@yahoo.com.

POLICY

HACKING? DIRTY TRICKS? DESTROYED COMPUTERS? MURDERS? Nothing will stop the truth. We're still here: AbolishTheCIA.org.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

READY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY/CHALLENGE OF A LIFETIME? Private group seeks to hire a person of true excellence, social entrepreneur and business visionary possessing rigorous ethics, exceptional initiative and creativity to help establish an organization that will revolutionize the way Americans eat and think about their food and community. Initial commitment will be for one year. New York location. Please send letter of intent and CV to Common Mess, c/o 61 Associates, Suite 1413, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10118.

SEEKING SENIOR EDITOR. *The Nation*, the national political weekly, seeks a Senior Editor with deep experience, vision and excellent editing skills. Ideal candidate will have broad familiarity with politics and with the progressive community and media (including online). Applicant should work well under tight deadline pressure. Located in our downtown New York City office, the position offers excellent benefits and a congenial work atmosphere. *The Nation* is an equal opportunity employer. People of color and other minorities strongly encouraged to apply. E-mail résumé, cover letter and salary requirements to: editjob@thenation.com. No calls please.

PUBLICITY DIRECTOR. *The Nation* magazine is seeking an organized media junkie with progressive politics, boundless energy and a keen entrepreneurial instinct to oversee and implement the publicity and syndication responsibilities for America's oldest weekly magazine. The ideal candidate will be detail-oriented, comfortable with tight deadline pressure, possess strong verbal and writing skills, be familiar with the media landscape and the blogosphere, and have a minimum of three to five years of experience working in publicity or communications. Located in our New York City office, the position offers excellent benefits and a congenial work atmosphere. *The Nation* is an equal opportunity employer. E-mail résumé, cover letter and salary requirements to: pubjob@thenation.com. No calls, please.

***NATION* STUDENT OUTREACH:** Attention student activists! If you're involved in organizing a progressive event, lecture or film festival on your campus or in your community and would like to distribute copies of *The Nation*, please let us know by calling (212) 209-5416.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

***THE NATION* SEEKS** a part-time Administrative Assistant for advertising department. Must have excellent telephone and e-mail communication skills and strong attention to detail. Prepare weekly invoice and issue mailings; produce advertising reports and targeted promotional mailings; provide general office support (filing, copying, etc). Research skills and knowledge of Excel, Filemaker and Word very helpful. Located in our downtown New York City office, the position offers excellent benefits and a congenial work atmosphere. *The Nation* is an equal opportunity employer. People of color and other minorities strongly encouraged to apply. E-mail résumé, cover letter and salary requirements to adjob@thenation.com.

PSYCHOTHERAPY

SAN FRANCISCO PSYCHOTHERAPIST: treats depression, anxiety, relationship issues, crises and trauma. Consultation available. CC accepted. Paula Holt, LCSW, www.paulabranchholt.com. (415) 289-6990.

EXPERIENCED PSYCHOANALYST also working with couples and families. Approach is psychodynamic but also eclectic. San Francisco and Marin. CA-PSY11249. Kristine Pfleiderer, DMH. (415) 563-8207.

DOWNTOWN NEW YORK THERAPIST. Life with its discontents. Artists, activists, academics and all. Robert McVey, C.S.W. (212) 330-7114.

REAL ESTATE

SANTA FE. Progressive Realtor® seeks same in clients. Peter Kahn, Santa Fe Properties. (800) 374-2931 toll free. (505) 690-4840 mobile or peter.kahn@santafeproperties.com.

LOS ANGELES/SOUTH BAY PROGRESSIVE REALTOR seeks progressive clients. Phil Lucero with TRG. (310) 722-5067. phil_lucero@msn.com.

ALBUQUERQUE REALTOR. Sustainable. Home. Community. Paul Chavez, EcoBroker® with Earth Origins Realty LLC. (866) 688-1228, paul@earthoriginsrealty.com.

COCOA BEACH, FLORIDA. Realtor offers free lists of Spacecoast Properties. Exit Island and Beach Realty. (321) 403-3333. Pat@Patsuit.com or www.PatSuit.com.

RENTALS

HISTORIC COUNTRYSIDE ESTATE: 5BR-3BA; Organizational Retreat Week: $599; Lease: $2,000! NYC 1.5 hrs. (619) 871-9354.

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Rates and Frequency Discounts: STANDARD $4.10/word, 15-word minimum = $61.50 for 1–3 insertions; PO Box, telephone numbers, web address count as two words.

Buy 1–3 runs, pay $4.10 per word
Buy 4 runs, pay $3.85 per word
Buy 5–10 runs, pay $3.70 per word
Buy 11–12 runs, pay $3.15 per word
Buy 25-46 runs, pay $2.75 per word
Buy 47 runs, pay $2.60 per word

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Deadline: Tuesday, 3 PM, 10 days prior to Monday issue date.

Payment in US currency or major credit card must accompany order.

Enclosed is my check for $ _____ for _____ insertions at $ _____ / word rate.

"Personals" advertisers: Be sure to include $45 for Nation Box number/forwarding service. For all ads please include your name, address and contact phone number with your ad or The Nation assumes no responsibility for typographical errors. You may fax your classifieds to us at (212) 982-9000 or e-mail leigh@thenation.com for faster service.

E-mail preferred. Attach ad, typewritten if possible.
The Nation, Classified Department, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003

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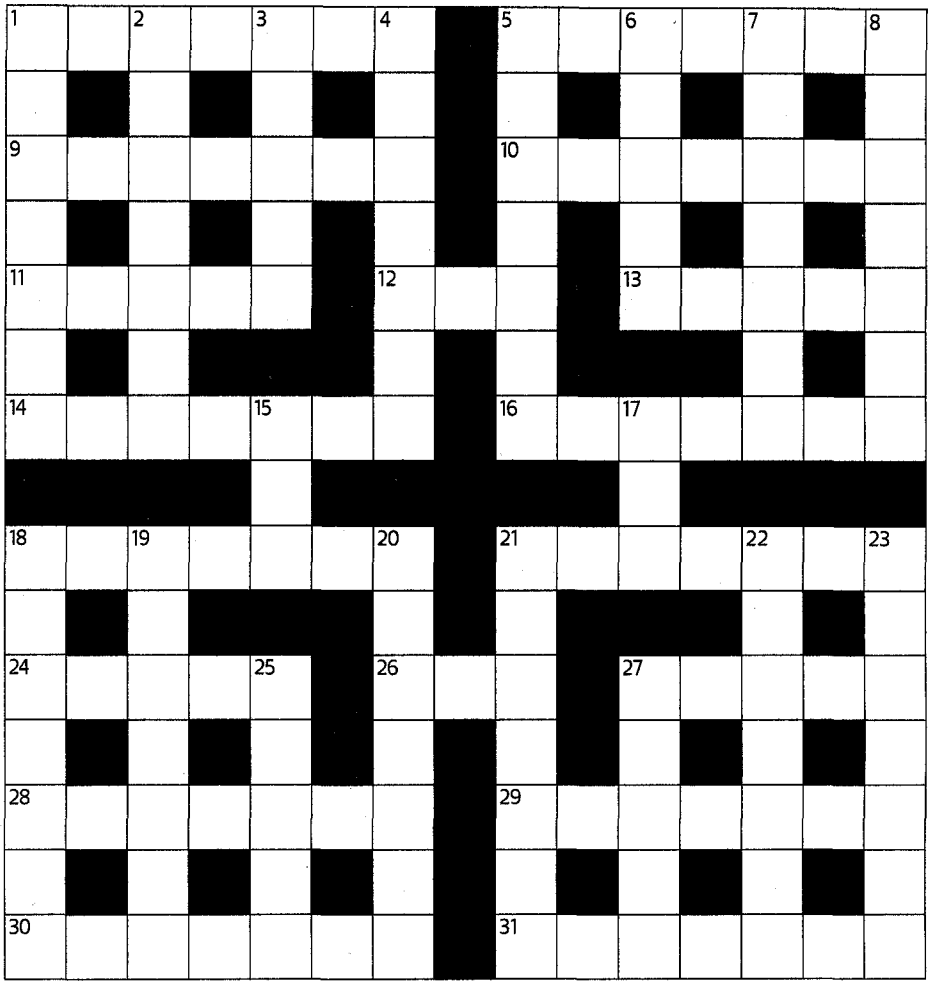
PUZZLE NO. 3069

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 The moving type get a bit sick with a thing produced by a bean. (7)

5 See 1 down

9 Food some people like may be something to play with, getting a little less than a hundred of such. (7)

10 Such a house was never associated with quick people. (7)

11 The First Lady has a short year coming back, and that's about all! (5)

12 and **31** They take care of some people cooped up in battle gear, it seems. (10)

13 See 24

14 The state of being replete, say, with it coming back—and in Paris!—inside it. (7)

16 Come in first, even with a broken-down sled to carry it! What a ripoff! (7)

18 One in the know, although seemingly in drink! (7)

21 and 27 down Makes an all-out effort, with awful egos in favor of getting destitute. (4,3,5)

24, 13 and **29** Act on the qui vive, to hire a savvy one in the crow's-nest. (4,1,5,4-3)

26 and **27** Refrains from having what sounds like one more than Goldilocks met. (8)

28 What makes the little devil wander around, just to get better? (7)

29 See 24

30 Evidently the fish studies where the roses grow. (7)

31 See 12

DOWN

1 and **5** across Roses are red before this, one reads—not necessarily describing the girl's underpinnings! (7,3,4)

2 Don't pay any attention—it's only a clue! (7)

3 In the twenties, people said, "Hop to it!" (You can take a flier at the answer!) (5)

4 Coy behavior at the entrance? (7)

5 Agreements to get something other than DC wires. (7)

6 Tests the makeup of one's former spouse morning after morning! (5)

7 Any fat around it? It might go through a dead-eye. (7)

8 It might be a solar phenomenon, with two points about little news items. (7)

15 and **17** In the finish, I have something that might help the salad. (6)

18 Just a hint of what a squid puts out with another sea creature. (7)

19 Possibly a dark horse, with one who doesn't hope for nightmares. (This sells, we hear!) (7)

20 Tanks up again, with the little arbiter on use incorrectly holding a left signal. (7)

21 All mixed up, but your apparel came first! (7)

22 One might make a toast with such, but banners have no upbringing in them. (7)

23 Possibly makes a new home for poor sister, but she has a point! (7)

25 A sailor doesn't quite get over here—but it's really over. (5)

27 See 21 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3068

B	L	E	A	K		A	N	D	R	O	M	E	D	A
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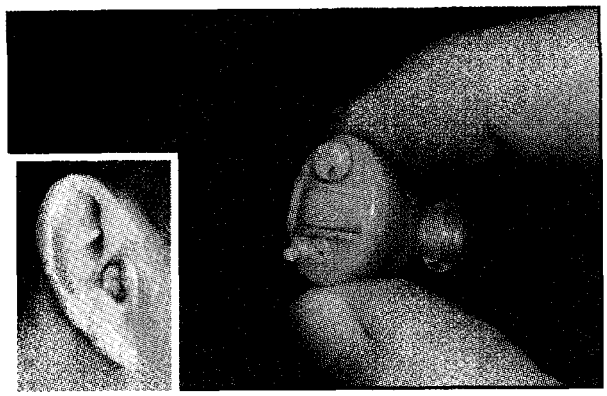
Now you can afford a digital hearing aid!



MaxiSound™ Digital Hearing Aid

Only $399

- **Made in the United States**
- **100% Digital Processor**
- **One year warranty**
- **Money-Back Guarantee**

Does this sound familiar?

I almost became a hermit because I wasn't able to hear what was being said in conversations around me. I've given people answers to questions that weren't asked because I couldn't understand their words. I was embarrassed that I was losing my hearing.

My quality of life was suffering big time! And I refused to accept the fact that at 62, I needed help hearing. I just wanted to be left alone. But my wife was so tired of me asking her to repeat everything that she insisted I buy a hearing aid.

Just what I need, I thought... an ugly hearing aid. And having to pay thousands of dollars bothered me even more.

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I read about the MaxiSound Digital. It contains a 100% digital amplifier and two listening settings, plus circuitry that automatically detects and reduces the background noise in restaurants. The MaxiSound™ is virtually invisible from every angle, since it fits into the ear canal. No wires. No devices behind the ear.

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It's guaranteed to meet your needs or your money back. You order risk-free. Simply return the MaxiSound Digital within 45 days for a full refund of the purchase price if you don't agree it's the best hearing aid for you.

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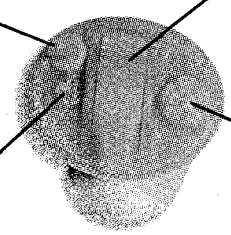

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You select the setting for your listening situation. Position-1 for home and the office and position-2 for noisy places.

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MaxiSound uses size 312 batteries. You can expect about 280 hours of easy listening.

On/Off Volume Control
Finger tip volume control gives you a maximum output up to 116 dB.

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Our Guarantee to You – ***You will be 100% satisfied with your Hearing Help Express MaxiSound Digital or just return it within your 45 home-trial for a full refund of your purchase price.***

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☑ YES! ***Please rush me information on the MaxiSound™ Digital hearing aid. I understand there is no obligation and I get FREE shipping.***

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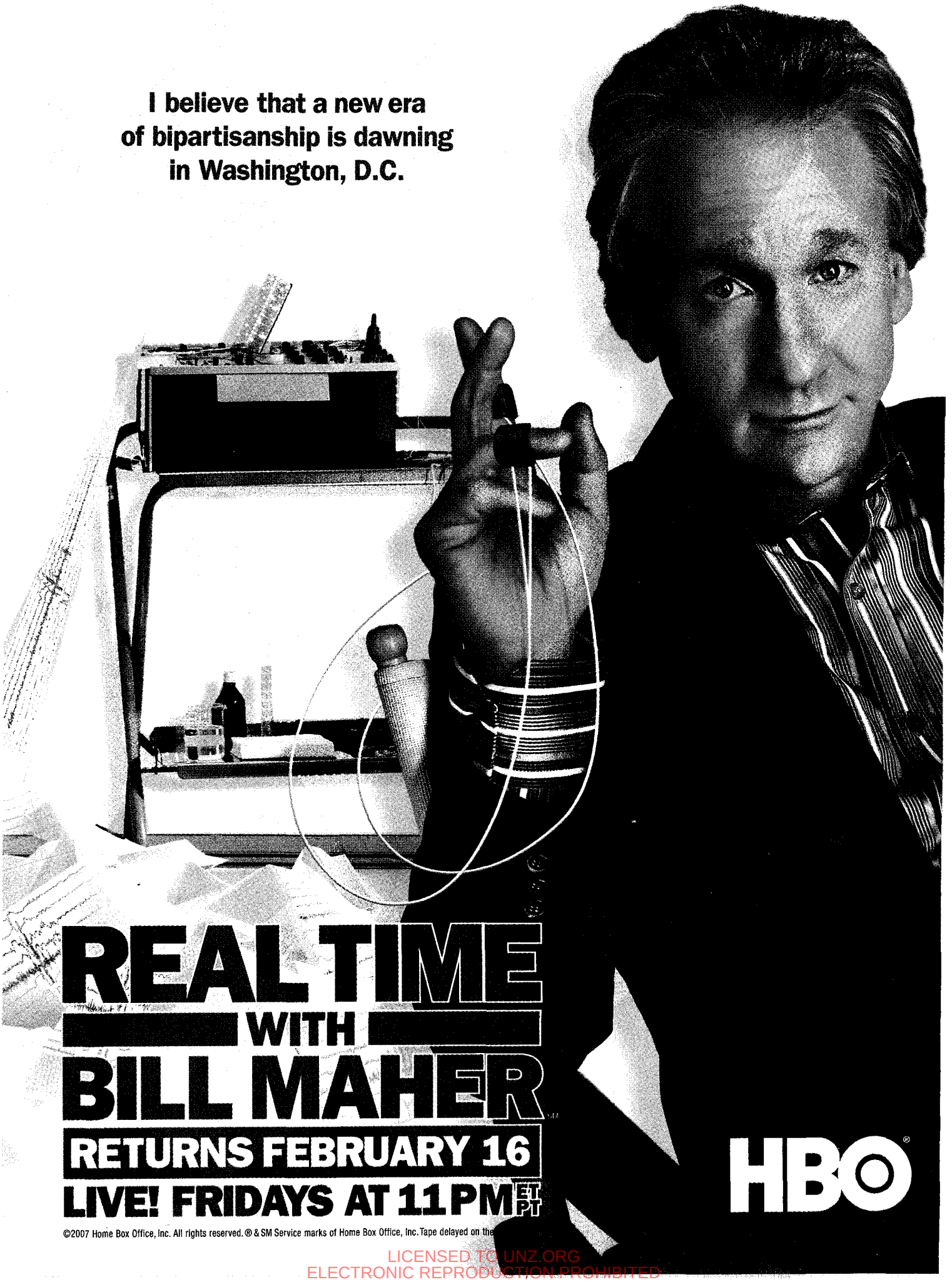

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